

INTERPRETER

jan-feb-mar 1974

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

604

**PENAL REFORM:
ALTERNATIVE
TO PRISON VIOLENCE**

McALESTER BURNS

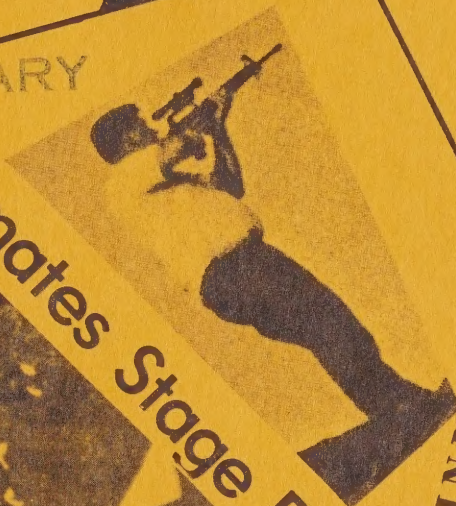
Inmates Stage Riot

ATTICA

Battle Goes on

**Uprising
at Leavenworth**

MCFP BRUTALITIES CONTINUE



t h e p e o p l e w h o m a k e i t p o s s i b l e

John Vanderhoof – Governor
 Hilbert Schauer – Director of Institutions
 Robert Trujillo – Chief of Corrections
 Gordon W. Heggie – Acting Warden
 Alex Wilson – Deputy Warden
 William Bell – Sponsor

Millus D. Bass – Editor
 Travis Truitt – Circulation
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 James Jobe – Composing
 Jerry Nemnich – Composing

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Layout by Bass

Flicks by Hawkey

Published at the Colorado State Penitentiary on a quarterly basis. Edited by inmates. Manuscripts are solicited from inmates and interested individuals; subject to review by the C.S.P. administration. The opinions stated reflect only those of the individual authors. Subscription rates: \$2.50 per year, \$6.00 for 3 years; 60 cents per copy. Make checks payable to The Interpreter, Box 1010 Canon City, Colorado 81212.

EDITORIAL

The psychology of advertisement reaps its glory in the subtle addiction of the consumer to the repetitious jingles, 'specially marked packages', and the fact that people generally like being told what to buy, who to buy it from, and why.

Now, if prisons were for sale, somebody would probably have a few of them (reformed, of course) stashed in their potpourri — if only to stay a long jump ahead of the Joneses. Sure! Someone just recently purchased an antique gas chamber — for the kids to play in.

But prisons aren't for sale; and they don't have the support of the slick advertisements that slip into the sub-conscious, and have you repeating the tune of some commercial you don't even remember hearing. Not that they don't try to get their message across, however. They try very hard sometimes; but not always with the accompaniment of politeness. Some where along the unglorious road of the prison experience, the confidence in polite approaches exhausts itself, and eventually most prisoners come to assert that "they don't understand you unless you talk crazy to them."

Perhaps that's why Attica had to "talk crazy" or why McAlaster launched its rebellion with "This is a revolution!" People understand how greasy fat meat is when it costs them \$20 million and too many lives to find out. That is, if they're not still busy being shocked while the very ideals they try to suppress slap them in the face with a reflection of their own inhumanity.

You can't keep sweeping dirt under the rug without encouraging the eventual formation of an unsightly lump. And when that lump is comprised of all the things you dislike about yourself, or would prefer to keep hidden from view, then when the lid blows, it can't help but be ugly and dirty...

Hold it! I just caught myself humming the tune of one of the commercials that have been played over, and over, and over. If it's anything society has plenty of, it's definitions

for its problems. Particularly where prisons are concerned, people have been trying to tell other people how prisons affect society, hoping that they could make the connection. They've explained in terms of monetary gains and losses; they've explained that prisons manufacture, and heap upon society, a sharper breed of criminal. They've even shown them how prisons drain the social order of its rapidly depleting reservoir of "human" relationships. They made it relevant; then they started tripping on solutions — or so it appears.

But the problem is not that we didn't always have solutions to whatever was ailing society. It's not even a matter of trying to solve complex problems with simple solutions. It's more a matter of finding a single solution for a collective problem. The problem was/is — in other words — that we can't seem to decide on the solution that would make everybody happy at the same time.

But, as one would accurately suspect, everybody has what they think is the plan. According to the 'game', those who have the power to enact their plan get first crack at saving society — or the world — from whatever they think it needs to be saved from (up to, and including, vicious criminal monsters). Among other things, the 'buck' can buy you a chance to be right — or the opportunity to put your 'truth' on the market. So, no matter how logically sound, economically feasible, or politically practical the idea/solution/truth is, its validity is ultimately determined in terms of dollars and cents. Which, perhaps, gives us some indication as to why some social concerns have a higher priority than others. We can suggest, theorize, and criticize until we're blue in the 'gray matter', but one of the realities of power is that unfinanced solutions are irrelevant.

In a mad and desperate scuffle for power, priorities seem to trample on each other; and the best insignificants can do is to try to keep from being trampled into total oblivion. I

hope that doesn't sound too defeatist. It was meant to sound real; even though it offers very little consolation to people who must decide between waiting for someone else to recognize their needs, waiting for times to (automatically) get better; or between taking matters into their own frustrated hands.

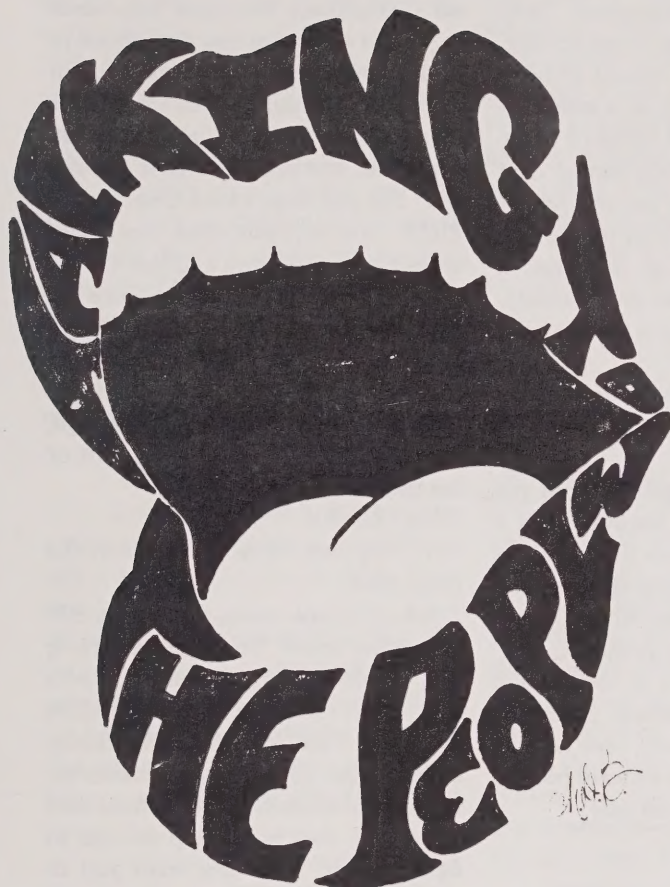
Soon the cries of the insignificant will be heard, and not necessarily because someone volunteered their attention. It is imminent; history will testify to it. Because a problem is neglected does not mean that it will go away. The consequences of neglect may be prolonged for a time, but sooner or later they will be reeled on the same line that was cast into society's pocket.

THE CLEAN UP . . .

To those who spend money for this publication, I owe an explanation and another issue. I was away on business from July to November (had to pay some debts), during which time there was no *Interpreter* published. It doesn't look like there's going to be another one, either — at least not in '73. Which goes to show you how consistent we are: same obstacles, same changes, same cooperation.

If it's any consolation, we have a new photographer, some people named Hawkey, who actually likes photography. His work is all over the place. We now have former editor, Jerry Nemnich, doing the compositing — and unless you're familiar with the compositor's job, you can't really appreciate the value of that particular asset. The labor force still consists of the faithful few who get kinda sad watching me try to put some 3,000 magazines together by myself. The print shop is still together — as always. If John and Don and Frank and all the rest of them weren't as slick as they are, there wouldn't ever be an *Interpreter*.

Won't go for it, huh? You'd rather have the magazine. Well, I'll see what we can do about that. Thanks for being cool about it, anyway. *mdb*



Saturday, December 8, 1973, the prisoners got together with their families, friends, lovers, and others; not to celebrate anything in particular, but just to be together. To touch, and feel, and share the leftovers of the love affairs the prison experience leaves them.

The *Interpreter* was there—meddling/mingling; trying to get a word in (or out) edgewise. Unfortunately there is no hazardous duty pay for an editor who had to suffer the slings and arrows of impatient boyfriends or husbands. Nevertheless, I braved the storm; just trying to talk to the people.

INT: Who are you, what do you do, and what is your involvement with prisons?

IRMA: I'm Irma Glaze. I'm working on a degree in psychology at the University of Colorado. I've been deeply involved with this institution — both Medium Security and Pre-Parole. Presently, I'm working on an alternate committee for work-release at Colorado Springs, which is needed very badly. In fact, penal reform is a must in the immediate future.

INT: Do you think the community is as involved as we think they should be?

IRMA: No. In the community, there's apathy. If more people would become interested, involved; more concerned . . .

INT: What do you think we could do — me as a prisoner, and you as a citizen — to help break down some of those apathetic walls, that communication barrier?

IRMA: The concerned people on the

outside need to have a closer communication with you fellas on the inside. I don't really know the answer. It's just making the people aware. And that isn't going to be easy . . . a lot of us really do care.

INT: I think the major reason for the apathy is that there is little, or no, communication. People on the outside are just there with their images and their . . .

IRMA: Stereotypes.

INT: Right. So you're inside here, and you've seen for yourself. Like you said Jimmy is your special love; and he's a convict . . .

IRMA: But he's a human being! All of you are human beings, see.

INT: Beautiful! That's what we're trying to get across . . .

IRMA: And you are the unfortunate ones to have been caught. We're all criminals.

INT: I don't know what kind of feedback you'll get from this, but a young lady told me earlier that what we're

up against is a lot of obstacles, because of the fact that people who still want to cling to those images won't let 'em go. And when you get involved with the prison scene, you start inheriting those images and stereotypes, and they push you away. What you're saying is there has to be some communication: "check it out for yourself." Which is what you did. I imagine that you were a bit apprehensive about coming down your first time.

IRMA: A little bit, but not really that much.

INT: But even your little bit is magnified by those who have even greater fears. I know how he (Jimmy) feels, but it's important that they know how you feel, because on your side is the apathy; on our side is the indifference, the defeat . . . all the rest of those negative things. Out there, the only thing standing between you and me, say, on a larger scale, is that fear.

IRMA: But fear is always of the unknown. Once they become involved, and a part of it, then their fear will dissipate, because they'll realize that they are just like other human beings who are just unfortunate enough to have been busted. Ten per cent of so-called criminals are apprehended. Only two per cent are sent up. That's what statistics say.

INT: And what's so ironic and timely is that at a time when there's so much emphasis on crime, there is a major scandal which involves the leaders of the country; who just got busted. I mean, cold busted. What happens to them will show the country how equal

justice is. Here's one who's been busted for burglary, wiretapping . . . They want to know what's going to happen to him.

IRMA: Well, did you ever hear of a millionaire getting executed?

INT: No.

IRMA: See. California and Florida have reinstated the death penalty. And it's up to the people in our state to vote on it next year. I do so hope it doesn't go back into effect. That's premeditated murder, in my opinion.

INT: To sign the passage for a collective death warrant?

IRMA: I'm saying that capital punishment is premeditated murder. Absolutely! It's nothing else but that. And I'm so against it.

INT: And how many of the rest of you are? The one's that count must be the ones in favor of capital punishment. And it's the ones who count, the "wheels" who are getting busted for crimes, too. And if we're going to trip on the rehabilitation concept, then the fact that they are allowed to continue their lives and rehabilitate themselves, is emphatic of the fact that we should be allowed to rehabilitate ourselves.

IRMA: In my opinion, there is no rehabilitation in prison. Not any at all.

INT: Somebody obviously thinks there is, or is that just a cover-up?

IRMA: Right. I don't think there's any rehabilitation.

INT: So where do you think they're coming from? What are they talking about when they say, "he's a criminal; he has to go up there and be rehabilitated?"

IRMA: They don't know what they're talking about when they say that.

INT: The fact that we are allowed to communicate should make us further advanced, than prisons that are not allowed to communicate, in terms of reform; in terms of what we want to have . . . but we're not. So . . .

IRMA: There's got to be some other way. Penal reform must come about. It'll be very slow . . . These walls all need to be knocked down, and each prisoner should be handled on an individual basis, where someone could help

them work out their problems. They should not be isolated from society. It's a whole different world in here. Mr. Trujillo announced, at a meeting I attended, that in about 12 to 15 years, everyone will have been turned over back into society. How can you expect one — after all these years in a totally different world — to go back into a society that has changed so drastically, that even living in it, it is hard to keep up with?

A lot of people won't listen. They're so skeptical . . . I don't know the answer.

INT: Well, unless a person from the outside is personally involved with a person on the inside, then that's usually the only social intercourse there is. The ratio needs to be at least 50 to 1. Fifty outside people to every prisoner.

IRMA: Yes, education to the facts is necessary, but even though education and awareness is primary, they have to be concerned. You can educate people, but you can't make them care.

INT: When you were over in the women's joint, how was it? Like what's happening to the rest of the Sisters over there? We can't go over and check it out, and they can't get out to say anything about it.

TINA: Really, if I told you how I feel about it, it wouldn't go on there (tape).

INT: That's cool. I can blank out the cuss words; but just don't make it so many where I'll have to blank out the whole thing. But like, how was it? What would you tell the people if you were to tell them how it was over there; about how they treated the women and the changes they went through?

TINA: Well, it's hell, for one. When you first go in, you talk to May Gillespie. Then you stay in isolation until they get ready for you to come out. Then you go to the laundry and pick up them heavy irons, and you have to iron your clothes, the inmate's clothes; plus the police's clothes.

You get tired of them telling you when to go to bed; when to get up . . . you

eat that *garbage* they give you: steak so tuff, it takes you two days to eat it. You know, it's a hassle, really. But then, too, it all depends on what frame of mind you're in. If you go in, do your time, and get out, then it's cool.

INT: Did you have a hard time, then?

TINA: In a way. But, then, you have a lot of time to sit down and think.

INT: So you get a chance to make the move you want to make when you get into a hassle.

TINA: Right!

INT: So by you being sharp enough, you managed to play around a lot of the traps they set for you?

TINA: Riiight!

INT: Why don't you tell us about the traps, then.

TINA: For one thing, they got a million rules, where 'bout the only thing you can do is stand still, and not get a case — and then you can't stand there too long. Then, too, they'll be steady trying to get you to tell on somebody else. Like if someone is doing their own thing, and they're not hip enough to figure it out, then they want you to tell it. And they find a lot of 'em to tell it. That's why I kept my mouth shut, minded my own business, and got out . . . cause I don't have that time for that hassle . . .

And then you don't have no activities. Most pens have some kind of entertainment . . . I don't know . . . it's something that you'll never forget.

INT: The women over there now, what kinds of changes are they going through?

TINA: I don't know. Since I got out, they say they got a lot of changes. Like they got shows, now.

INT: So there wasn't nothin' to do when you were over there.

TINA: No. Except they had the records on Sundays and holidays. Sometimes they'd put 'em on the earphones — when they got ready . . .

Then, too, there's a lot of racism out there . . .

I heard they were getting these work programs. That'll be cool, 'cause it helps the soul. See, by the pen being so small, there's not really much you

can do, except go out in the yard, or in the laundry.

INT: But basically you feel that the change that they have had has been so small that . . .

TINA: You really can't notice it.

INT: So they didn't make any big changes, they're (the female prisoners) still under the foul conditions that you were, then? They're still going through the same 'hell', as you call it, that you were then?

TINA: Right. But I'm sorry I couldn't tell how it really was, I'd cuss.

INT: Since you haven't finished the article you were going to contribute, why don't you just run it down from here?

HOLLY: Well, I understood that the theme was self-determination for this issue. And in trying to write an article, it's hard for me to address myself to that topic, because I can't relate it to being a con, because I've never been one.

You have to start out with where your head's at. And people who have trouble getting it together as far as where they're going in life — first of all — they have to find themselves a goal . . .

MARIA: To me, I don't see how people can have self-determination in a place like this. I don't know what I'm talking about, 'cause I've never been a con. This is only my second time here, and yet I don't see how people can have self-determination in a place like this . . . just by reading what's happening in the papers about who they put in prison, I just don't see how . . .

INT: In other words, you're saying that it must be an awful challenge to the person to be able to conjure enough self-determination to survive.

MARIA: Really!

INT: But this is what it's all about, because if we don't — in spite of the obstacles — we're going to lose.

HOLLY: Convicts have to go to that certain length that everyone else has to go, and then some, because of all the barriers and all the disadvantages

that they're going up against. And sometimes when you're beating your head against a brick wall, it's so easy to forget it and say "I can't go on." People just don't realize that convicts have to go through more. So instead of giving them a bad time, they ought to help 'em as much as they can.

INT: I know Roger has something to say, since he's an authority on the subject.

ROGER: Well, I've been here a long time, and at my age, what goal can a guy have but just trying to help the young people, or get out of here? Like, I have kids of my own . . .

INT: So that makes your job extra hard, because you have to have self-determination, plus be able to communicate effectively with your family.

MARIA: But don't you feel that you should have more than just that one goal, because once you get out, it's a whole different bag, you know? It seems that once you get used to one system, and you get thrown into another system . . .

ROGER: Well, I've made up my mind . . . I want out, but I want out to help the youngsters coming up . . . to keep them out of places like this . . . you can't even learn nothin' in here.

HOLLY: People who get into the convict thing, people like me, that want to help, we're going up against barriers like you wouldn't believe. Because, lots of times, when it gets down to the nitty gritty, the cons won't accept you, because — any way you cut it — you aren't a con. And yet the administration won't accept you because you have been helping out a convict. And lots of times your own peer group won't help you because, they say, "Hey, you should've known better than to get yourself into that kind of thing, anyway." So you get it from all sides. Then you get like 'he convict, and say, "Maybe I just better forget it."

INT: See, this is what we're trying to do. We're trying to relate that to other people, so that somebody outside can understand what it's all about. This is a rare opportunity. How many times

can we get together — you from the community, and us from the inside — and run it down; rap about it, get it together, and show that there is definitely a need for some kind of change here.

HOLLY: And if you get a sympathetic party, they get hassled from every way. It's ridiculous!

INT: This is the only way we can do it, though. Communication is the whole key, I think. Because, obviously, if this cat over here doesn't understand where we're coming from, with regard to our needs, our pains, or whatever, then it has to be because we're not communicating. And if he doesn't understand where we're coming from, then he's not ever going to care about us. It seems that the only time prisons become relevant is when it's someone's son, daughter, husband, wife or lover. They might get a play after there's been a riot; a lot of people die, or maybe as a platform from which some ambitious politician can launch his career.

ROGER: You have to change this whole system, too, man.

MARIA: The administration throws a big picture of cons being like animals, and they treat you like animals. So when a person comes close to a prison, and has never been in contact, they're scared when they come down here. You don't know what to expect.

HOLLY: People have lost trust in one another. What we need to do is rebuild this trust between people. Communication and trust, because the administration has lost trust in the cons, the cons have lost trust and confidence in the administration . . .

MARIA: But there never was any trust and confidence in the administration!

HOLLY: I think they build it up; then tear it back down, build it up, and tear it back down . . .

INT: For whatever reason, and how ever many times they do it, the fact remains that the cons themselves know, before anybody does, that the thing about the administration helping them is as much a fantasy as any other they might entertain.

end

INMATES SUE FOR HUMANE TREATMENT

by G.W. Sparks



Recently, a civil rights suit was filed in U.S. District Court concerning the treatment of the women housed at C.W.C.I. In this action, we are seeking federal intervention into the denial of the civil rights of the inmates of that institution.

Since the filing, I have been asked on numerous occasions why this suit came about. In this article, I would like to answer some of these questions.

It all started approximately 8 months ago when I began to notice the condition of my wife's nerves at our weekly visits, and the expression on her face when it was time to leave. It was something there other than the knowledge that our visit was over until next week. It was more or less the expression of a person sentenced to die, rather than be punished.

By knowing her and seeing this, I began to question her about the sadness and fear she revealed each time and how it continued to grow. At first she was reluctant to talk about it and tried to justify it by saying, "It's okay, I will make it." She had two reasons: She didn't want to worry me anymore than necessary, and she didn't know she still had the right to be treated as a human being and as a woman. After

several visits, I began to see the picture of this unknown place called the Colorado Women's Correctional Institution. From here on, however, we will call the place what it really is: "Colorado Women's Concentration Camp."

To really know and understand what it is like, you would at least have to visit the place and talk to some of the women inmates, that is, if you can find one that's not afraid to talk about it, and Mrs. G. is not close around.

When I first found out the conditions, it was impossible for me to believe that such cold-blooded and unjust wrongs could be going down at C.W.C.I., not in these times.

I began talking to some of the other women who were visiting their husbands about the situation over there. They all said there was simply nothing they could do about it. After talking with some of the men, I drew up a petition of grievances and complaints of the women and presented it to Deputy Warden Alex Wilson, since it was impossible to talk to the man that I was told was Warden of this prison. I was told by Mr. Wilson that a meeting had been set up with Mrs. Gillespie to discuss these grievances. To this date, I have not spoken a word to Mrs. G. about the situation.

Why is it that the Warden's job, and the responsibility that goes with that job, has been placed in the hands of a man who can't be reached under any circumstance? If we can't go to the Warden with our problems, who do we go to? Governor Vanderhoof? Attorney-General Moore? I did! I wrote all of them a letter and attached a copy of the women's grievances asking for help. I received a letter from the Governor's Aide on October 29, 1973, telling me that the Governor would look into these problems in the future, but as of this date, nothing has changed at the women's prison. If there has been a change at C.W.C.C. since we wrote the Governor, you can bet it was for the worse.

The only thing they (the women) are asking for are privileges and rights accorded the men of this institution.

I might point out that I feel that since the job of Warden carries with it the overall responsibility of this joint and C.W.C.C., and since he cannot function as provided by law, then he is worse than Mrs. Gillespie, because he has the authority and the duty to protect those women and their rights, and should therefore resign or should be fired by this State.

As far as Mrs. Gillespie is con-

cerned, I feel that she has outlived her usefulness in penal corrections because she refuses to change with the times, which is of paramount importance in penal corrections.

The rules that the female prisoners must follow are so childish that even children would rebel and protest against their enforcement. It is an unbearable situation at the women's division because no one seems able to reason with the female officers who are enforcing such backward rules and, certainly no one can convince Mrs. Gillespie that she is a breaker of all human rights and dignity.

The women inmates are endangering their parole dates if they complain or even slightly rebel. They live in constant fear of repression to even a greater degree than what already exists. They actually have no rights at all. Each rule is enforced personally and is felt with great finality because their

facilities are so small and limited in comparison with the sprawling units of the men's division. All whims of the female officers are felt immediately and there is no recourse for relief.

No one is asking anyone to strike, rebel, burn, or destroy institutional facilities, but instead, we are asking in the most positive way to let our women have the same equal rights that all prisoners enjoy in all prisons.

If we are forced to fight for their rights, a legal defence fund will be started and court action commenced in the Federal District Court. Women are now equals in all respects as men. It is the law here in Colorado, and denial of such is a violation of the Constitution of the United States. Why can't the women have the same rights that we take for granted? Does one woman like Mrs. Gillespie have the right to destroy the rightful freedom, granted by law, of many female prisoners?

Our struggle is just a battle for equality and freedom. Our women are doing the hardest prison time possible and they are almost helpless against narrow-minded persons. Our women are under great strain and constantly worry about their small children in foster homes. They suffer much more than men because of the psychological harassment by some self-centered and stubborn officers.

Our women must be offered real and substantial help, because if the tables were turned and we were whipped into defeat by our unfair keepers, then the hope for humane treatment is also defeated.

When we help them we are actually helping ourselves and will be able to look at ourselves, and others, straight in the face with pride for having done our part to root-out tyranny at Colorado Women's Concentration Camp! ████████████████████

LAST NOTES

Just a "thank you" note from Brother Wardell Patterson and myself to all the beautiful Brothers who contributed to the 'defense fund'. We all know how short the ends are around here, which is why we were both tripping on how together the move was on the self-help side.

In fact, Bro. Pat almost wrote a book runnin' it down about how together niggas are when it comes to uniting for a cause. One of the things he mentioned was that "We've made a step, and the major step: UNITY!"

Right On! : Shanks
Bro. Bass
Bro. Pat



**"DO AS I SAY,
NOT AS I DO!"
OR...**

*That's a self-portrait
of the author, James Manier.
He was on death row then.*

Approximately one year ago, three prisoners at the Colorado State Penitentiary began systematically gathering evidence of corruption, double-dealing and thievery which, today, bids fair to develop into the biggest prison scandal in the history of the United States.

Hard, documented evidence was gathered, linking high-ranking prison officials to misconduct ranging from misappropriation of State funds to outright theft of State property. In the wake of the initial revelations, convicts from throughout the prison system have come forward to add their tales of misdemeanors and felonies attributed to the prison administration. Even guards and other disaffected prison employees have added credibility to some of the allegations being made by convicts. How did we get to this point? Well, it wasn't easy . . .

edited by frank driscoll

... The "Coppergate" Affair

SEPTEMBER, 1973

On Thursday, August 23, 1973, two newspaper reporters, Ivan Goldman of the *Denver Post* and Bill Gagnon of the *Pueblo Chieftain* attended a meeting of the Latin-American Development Society held at the Colorado State Penitentiary. (LADS is a self-help group formed by convicts to meet some of the needs of the Spanish-American prisoner.) Also attending the meeting were Joe Gaitan and James Manier, two long-term convicts.

For weeks, Gaitan, Manier and the two reporters had been negotiating the release of records which had been stolen from the prison storeroom. The reporters had been told that there was a story available at the prison, but they were unwilling to print unsubstantiated accusations. They insisted that Gaitan and Manier furnish them with documented evidence.

Mr. Gagnon had said, a few days earlier, that unless hard evidence could be produced he was going to forget about the story. Finally, it was decided that the LADS meeting would provide the best opportunity to get the evidence to them.

For two hours the reporters sat at a table with Jim Manier, ostensibly discussing generalities. In fact, he was explaining various items of the ledger

sheets being dropped at their table every few minutes by the circulating, innocent-looking Joe Gaitan.

By the time the meeting was over, Gagnon and Goldman were convinced they had enough evidence to blow the lid off the Colorado State Penitentiary. The only problem remaining was how to get it out of the institution.

Twelve storeroom requisitions and a ledger were to be smuggled from the institution. Mr. Goldman decided to make the attempt by bluffing his way through. The requisitions were simply placed in his pockets, while the ledger was tucked under his arm.

While leaving the institution, he was accosted by a guard who demanded to know what the ledger was. Mr. Goldman told the officer it was none of his business and attempted to walk through the gate.

No dice. The guard detained him while he consulted his superiors. After about fifteen minutes, Mr. Goldman agreed to give them back the ledger and he was released. He still had the requisitions in his pockets. Releasing Goldman was merely the last in a long series of errors in judgement made by Colorado prison officials.

Within a matter of days the story had broken on the front pages of both the *Post* and the *Chieftain*. Acting Warden Fred Wyse was fired — or, to employ the euphemism, "suspended

pending completion of the investigation."

The investigation during which Wyse was suspended was being conducted by members of the Colorado Attorney General's Organized Crime Strike Force, the Colorado Bureau of Investigation, the FBI and various investigative reporters for regional and local papers.

Attorney General John Moore empaneled a special grand jury to investigate allegations of misconduct by prison officials — as well as horror stories about convict wrongdoings that have come to light. The grand jury began hearing evidence during the week of September 24 and immediately issued a statement to United Press International that it was focusing its attention on three members of the prison administration—former Acting Warden Fred Wyse, Business Manager Jack Cowperthwaite and Associate Warden Jack Capelli. The exact nature of the charges being investigated was not disclosed, but according to UPI, they involved misappropriation of State supplies — sides of beef, according to the dispatch.

Those who claim to be in-the-know say this is only the tip of the iceberg of corruption. Warden Wyse, for instance, has been quoted as saying that he has been using State supplies for thirty-three years and that everybody else at the prison does, too.

Following Wyse's suspension, Mr. Gordon Heggie, head of the Colorado Parole Board, was appointed as interim Acting Warden. He has had his work cut out for him. His staff is the same group of people who flourished for years under the admittedly corrupt aegis of Fred Wyse and his predecessors. Mr. Heggie is the first to admit that he is relying heavily on the advice of his underlings. This may account — at least in part — for some of the events which have transpired since the story broke.

Approximately two weeks after Heggie was appointed, two rival factions of prisoners confronted each other in the prison yard. According to reports issued by the prison administration, both groups were armed with homemade weapons. Those who know prisons will recognize that this is hardly an unusual occurrence. However, the administration reacted by blowing the riot whistle (which can be heard all over the surrounding community), calling up off-duty officers, issuing riot gear and calling for a general lockup. This was given exhaustive coverage in the Denver newspapers.

For weeks prior to the confrontation most of the old heads and more experienced prisoners had been counseling the younger, more volatile convicts to keep a cool head. They claimed — and are still claiming — that the administration was attempting to provoke a riot or other incident so they might divert attention from themselves. Most of these warnings had been pooh-poohed and laughed off, but now they began to take on an ominous ring. The word went around that acts of violence had to be avoided.

In spite of this, within ten days another confrontation had taken place, the riot whistle had blown again and the newspapers were again editorializing about prison unrest.

On Sunday, September 24, a man was taken to the hole. During the course of his being taken, many men claim to have seen officers kick and beat the man as well as use chemical agents to restrain him. These acts al-

legedly occurred while the bulk of the population was attending a movie.

After the movie, a large group of prisoners massed outside the 'midway', which is nothing more than a stone shack at the approximate center of the prison where guards gather to do whatever it is guards do when they aren't guarding.

A few pop cans were thrown at the Midway and there was a good deal of name-calling. Again, riot gear was issued, off-duty officers were called in and the entire prison was locked down. The lockup lasted for two days this time.

Mysteriously, rumors began to circulate about a work strike. Counselors were sent around to the cellhouses to talk with the men. Out of a total population of around 700, only 8 men refused to work. Yet, this was used as justification for the last day of lockup.

During the lockup, the so-called agitators were picked up and reassigned to a cellhouse which formerly had housed punishment cases. The doublethink phrase used here is administrative segregation. Supposedly, the cases of these men will be reviewed periodically so they may be reintegrated in the main population as soon as possible. One wonders . . .

In the meantime, they languish in isolation — having been convicted of nothing — merely having been accused of raising their voices in protest over the brutal treatment of one of their number.

OCTOBER 1973

Self-help groups have been cancelled indefinitely while the prison administration "revamps" and "reconsiders" the entire program. Administration spokesmen say this is because the concept of self-help groups is of questionable validity in terms of treatment and needs to be reorganized so the groups may be of benefit to more men. But when one considers that it was through the mechanism of a self-help group that the original scandal came to light . . .

For years, prisoners have had to

endure censorship for "security" reasons. We could not correspond with whomever we wished because security was involved. We could not visit with whomever we chose because security entered the picture. We could not talk with newspaper reporters for security reasons. As some of us suspected — and others are beginning to learn — the security they were talking about was not the security of the prison's perimeter, but the prison officials' job security.

There is surely a lesson to be learned here. Probably several lessons. But the most important one is that prisoners everywhere must fight censorship in all its forms. We must fight it with every weapon at our command. Through the courts, by mobilizing public opinion, by smuggling when all else fails.

DECEMBER 1973

Since the initial efforts were made in August, 1973, to expose the corruption at the Colorado State Penitentiary, a great deal has taken place. Charges and counter-charges have been made between inmates and the prison administration. The administration has charged, in some corners, that inmates are "mal ing a mountain out of a mole-hill", while on the other hand the inmates charge that the investigation is being "whitewashed" by the administration and the investigative authorities. The administrators tell us that "we should now quit charging each other and get down to the business of straightening out the mess at the Colorado State Penitentiary." We have been advised that "we can't charge everybody because then there wouldn't be enough people left here to operate the prison." We agree that the staff would be cut down considerably if everybody were to be charged with the wrongs they have committed at this prison. Nevertheless, prisons all over the country are filled with people who are needed elsewhere. There are old men in prison who have been charged with lesser crimes than those which have been charged here . . . and we stress

charged because none of the prison officials have been found guilty of any wrongdoing at this date, and it is not our intention to convict by the power of the press — 90 per cent of every prison population knows how that feels.

On Thursday, December 20, 1973, former Acting Warden Fred Wyse was indicted by the special grand jury on six (6) felony counts — two (2) each of theft, embezzlement and conspiracy — those charges stemming from the alleged theft of prison beef in May, 1972, and May, 1973. On that same day, an indictment was returned charging four (4) counts of theft, embezzlement and conspiracy against Captain Clarence C. Tipton in connection with those same thefts. Captain Tipton, at that time, already had two felony counts pending against him charging theft and embezzlement.

Simultaneously, two indictments were returned against Officer Benjamin F. Anderson, a storeroom guard, for embezzlement and theft of a heater, and against Carl Phillips, a civilian storeroom employee for alteration of prison records and tampering with evidence. A week earlier a fifth prison official, Clayton H. Brode, a vocational instructor, was indicted on counts of theft, embezzlement and introducing contraband into the prison. All of the indicted officials have been suspended by Interim Warden Gordon W. Heggie. State Attorney General John P. Moore has said that his office is investigating more than 25 criminal actions at the prison.

In the wake of the grand jury investigation, charges and countercharges, and with the fear that political hands will paint the investigation a color other than that which it is quickly developing into — inmates of the Colorado State Penitentiary are beginning to take a hand in the formation of their own futures . . .

JANUARY 1974

Dr. Thomas O. Murton has applied for the job of Warden at the Colorado State Penitentiary.

Those who know about penal reform know about Tom Murton. Educator, warden, knight-errant, he wears many hats.

Periodically, he sallies forth from the University of Minnesota's Department of Criminal Studies, and, like some latter-day Don Quixote, slays the dragons of corruption, indifference and incompetence wherever he finds them.

He found them in Arkansas in 1967. In one year he uncovered so many skeletons, literal and figurative, that Cummins and Tucker Farms will never be the same.

His methods are simple, but effective, and designed to drive fat-cat prison administrators up the wall, particularly those who are tainted with the stain of corruption.

In the State of Arkansas, for instance, he uncovered a very questionable prison "graveyard" and attempted to expose those responsible for its existence. For those efforts, he was fired — personally — by Governor Rockefeller, after being appointed — personally — by Rockefeller to "... clean up the Arkansas prison system."

The point, of course, is that we (the staff of this magazine together with the majority of CSP inmates) support Murton's application and hope he is appointed, either as warden or as Chief of Corrections.

The corrupt practices uncovered during recent months cannot be considered grandiose in scope. In terms of dollar value, the alleged incidents are very close to being petty crimes.

But the implications are far more serious. The mentality which permits petty corruption to flourish cannot be trusted to serve the public interest. It is too busy catering to its own interests.

It is not surprising that so little progress has been made in improving penal systems and correctional practices. The corrupt are rarely inclined to surrender their personal, self-serving fiefdoms.

Instead, they fight to preserve and perpetuate a system which does a disservice to both the offenders it is

supposed to rehabilitate and the public which pays the bills. The millions of dollars spent each year have not reduced crime nor dented the recidivism rate. The money has been used to feather the nests of demagogues and petty tyrants.

Harsh words, perhaps, but the evidence supports such accusations. The abuse of public trust and the blatant misuse of authority have long been the mainstay of prison administrators. This most recent scandal is not an isolated incident; it is merely the latest example of what must be considered a traditional aspect of penal practice in this country.

Not to connect the corruption of penal administrators with the failure of imprisonment as a rehabilitative and crime-preventive device, is to ignore the obvious. The motivation to look out for their own self-interests prompts them to block any change or progress which threatens the physical and/or psychological comforts provided by the status quo.

A truly successful penal system, one which rehabilitates offenders and curbs recidivism, one which is humanistic and compassionate and effective, cannot be built on a foundation of corruption and deceit.

Similarly, the continued use of out-dated, warehouse-like penal facilities and useless, wasteful programs which reek of tokenism can only result in furthering the excesses of the keepers and the kept. There will be more corruption, more repression, more violence, more riots, more scandals, more . . .

Tom Murton, perhaps more than any other person, represents the style of penal reform needed to construct a viable, effective system for dealing with criminal offenders. He is not overly impressed with traditional methodology, nor is he interested in making a career out of a corrections appointment in Colorado. Rather, he is interested in developing a system which does more than pay lip-service to the principles of rehabilitation and human dignity. *end*

UNIVERSITY WITHOUT WALLS

at Loretto Heights College

by
RUBEN V. MEDINA
&
FRANK DRISCOLL

UECU-UWW-LHC-TC-CP

Quite a name, is it not? It stands for the Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, University Without Walls, Loretto Heights College, Teacher Corps Corrections Project and it is presently operating within the Colorado State Penitentiary's four complexes: Maximum Security, Medium Security, Camp George West and the Colorado Women's Correctional Institution.

The Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities is a consortium of twenty-six schools throughout the United States that have joined to-

gether to develop innovative programs in higher education. Headquartered at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, the Union is comprised of all kinds of schools — public and private, urban and rural, small and large, predominantly anglo and predominantly ethnic minority, traditional and innovative, two-year and four-year.

The University Without Walls is an alternative, experimental degree program at Loretto Heights College in Denver as well as at twenty-six other



Standing, left to right: *Frank Driscoll, Mark Musser, Dennis Pack, Ernie Colasacco and Victor Medina.*

Seated, left to right: *Ronnell Lee, Alonzo Britton, Mary Aragon, Ray Barker.*

Not Present: *Lafayette Locke, Ken Twyford.*

colleges and universities throughout the United States. The basic idea of UWW is to place the entire responsibility for learning upon students' shoulders. Students in UWW design and develop individual learning plans, tailored to meet the particular needs of the student, by consulting with Faculty Advisors and resource persons.

A UWW resource person, loosely speaking, is a person having expertise in a field of knowledge who is willing to work with students on a one-to-one basis. Resource persons provide an expert's perspective of the body of knowledge into which a student may wish to delve.

Workshops and individual advising sessions aid students in determining long- and short-range goals, educational planning, identifying resources, making decisions, developing learning contracts, implementing plans and establishing criteria for evaluation and assessment for credit.

Curricula design and contracts may include:

1. UWW Orientation and Planning Workshops.

2. UWW Learning Skills Workshops.
3. UWW Service Projects: UWW or college committees, staff work or program development.
4. Independent Field Projects: Internships, apprenticeships, employment or travel.
5. Independent readings and/or research.
6. Special Learning Community Group Projects.
7. Conventional college-level courses.
8. Seminars-in-the-field.

The University Without Walls began with a seed grant of \$415,000 from the United States Office of Education. The Ford Foundation has added \$400,000 to the initial grant. UNESCO recently entered the picture by contributing \$10,000 to begin plans for a University Without Walls program abroad.

The Teacher Corps, established by Congress in 1965, is a federally-

funded, nation-wide effort to give children from low-income families (and, now, residents of correctional institutions) better educational opportunities and to improve the quality of teacher education programs for both certified teachers and inexperienced teacher-interns.

Teacher Corps projects currently serve over 150 school districts, 5 prisons and 17 juvenile institutions. They operate in conjunction with 85 colleges and universities in 36 states, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia.

The UECU has received a one-year grant of \$540,000 from the Teacher Corps of the United States Office of Education to develop and implement a University Without Walls program in four member institutions and their cooperative correctional systems and this is how the University Without Walls, Loretto Heights College, Teacher Corps Corrections Project came into being at the Colorado State Penitentiary. The other participating educational and correctional institutions are UWW/Morgan State College

Continued on Page 32

COMMUNITY

CORRECTIONS:

"let's get it on!"

Any invention, creation or idea that meets with failure is generally taken back to the 'drawing board'. And — as we have finally come to admit — America's oldest 'flop' is no exception.

Prisons, according to one source, grew out of "... the urgent need to construct a special and well organized world, one that isolated the deviant from the corrupting influences of the community. . ."¹ So, as it turns out, we have two arguments: 1) offenders are sent to prison for the protection of society; and 2) . . . for their protection from the social elements. There seems to be a slight contradiction there somewhere, which is probably why the whole thing turned out to be a flop, anyway. Somewhere between the early nineteenth-century Auburn (New York)/Pennsylvania "silent systems", and now, the whole corrections philosophy became subject and relative to individual interpretations of prison

md. bass

authorities – down to, and including, the most insignificant pawn. Appropriately, “Too many cooks spoiled the soup.”

As limited as they are, there are at least alternatives to consider. Of course, if one of the alternatives is a penthouse-type prison, still submerged in the rural outskirts of the country, then we’re not at the drawing board, we’re just giving the same flop a shove and hoping it will work. Then, of course, if the plan was to destroy the “deviant” in the first place, then that’s working – we need go no further.

Before anything can be done, however, there has to be a total re-vamping of the philosophy out of which issues a blanket justification for anything that happens to a man/woman in prison. More clearly, “Where are we coming from?” If, on one hand, we assume/support the posture which maintains that punishment for the sake of punishment is a means to a positive end, and on the other, that rehabilitation is the means, and then attempt to merge the two into a functioning apparatus that would protect and benefit society, then any effort at alternative substitution is an exercise in futility.

The prisoner is not the only victim of almost two-hundred years of backward penal thought. Society still suffers – in spite of the current elevation of socio/political consciousness – from fear of the dreaded “convict-itis”, i.e., the integration of convicted felons into its sacred ‘stomping grounds’. And because of that fear, a barrier (look at the walls) has been set up which divides the “clean” from the “unclean”; the “whole” from the “sick”. That barrier should be the focal point of destruction before there can be any effective implementation of alternatives.

Out of the search for alternatives emerged the idea – or an admission to the feasibility – of community-based corrections. And while many citizens feel that the idea associates itself with forms of “criminal coddling”, it “represents only moderate modifications

of historic judicial and punishment procedures.”² Dean of Special Services at the University of Minnesota, Barbara Knutson – in a report for the President’s Commission on Crime and Delinquency – writes, “The Commission considers Community-based Corrections as the most promising means of accomplishing the changes in offender behavior that the public expects – and in fact now demands – of corrections . . . Clearly, the future lies with community-based corrections.”

“There is nothing complicated to iron out, understand, or devise in terms of humane approaches...”

The simplest alternative to inhumane treatment is to treat people like human beings.”

The idea refers to, and utilizes, all corrections-related programs/activities that are an integral part of the community; it embraces “any activity in the community directly addressed to the offender and aimed at helping him to become a law-abiding citizen.” Although there have been for some time, corrections-related facilities in the community, they were there as an addition to the penitentiary. Now, the shift is assuming the proportion of an alternative to the penitentiary.

There is still a question of control, however – that the “elimination of incarceration” lends to the elimination of control. If, as the report suggests, the definition of “necessity of custodial control” should be “settled by the criterion of public protection,” then we are confronted with an old problem. There is the risk of mounting the same old merry-go-round that invites the definition of “necessity” to be relative to the arbitrary interpretation/enforcement of custodial personnel. And there is an element of control in each program. Because with the programs that exist now, there is still that ever-looming cloud – the possibility of prison confinement – hanging over the heads of offenders who are fortunate enough to participate in the community corrections programs. “Both probation and parole”, on the other hand, “represent a philosophy that crime control is best accomplished when the offender is resocialized and is able to exert his own self-control.”³

In any case, community-based corrections programs are not without both social and personal value. Socially, these programs offer a more humane approach to controlling crime, lowering recidivism, and safeguarding the “peace and dignity of the people.” They’re cheaper, too. For the offender, they offer a second chance at life, where whatever he does – whether in pursuit of academic credentials, vocational skills or the solution to what makes him behave the way “they” say he does – is done in an atmosphere of that is more conducive to growth and achievement than the numbing forces of a prison environment. Maybe he just wants to work and take care of his family so the State doesn’t have to support him and them, too. He could do that in an expanded work-release program, or in a pre-trial intervention program on probation, or in a men’s residential program similar to the one in Des Moines, Iowa, where 92 per cent of the men were employed and produced a weekly sum of \$5,000.00.

Continued on Page 20

if i told you the truth
and tried not to own you
would you listen to me

wailing soft

about why

there's nothing left to wail
and no reason to be silent
and no way to go

would you listen to me

would you hold my hand

i can neither explain nor categorize
the years of neither explaining
nor categorizing

nor wailing

would you listen to me

would you rock my boat

Steven Lyle Craig

From the Diary of an S/H Number *

TIME? I don't know!

It seems as if I've been here — like the earth —
since the laying of the foundation stone
with all the ceremonious pomp of official thanksgivings .
locked in the mind of a councilman's
dream of senatorship, which led
in some insidious route
thru subterranean man-holes swallowing me up
to appear, technicolor & the whole bit, shackled
in the senator's dream of governorship . . .
The key to this place was lost when the lock was created;
I mean this 'dream-place'
where the goblin of the mind
eats the dreamer & the dream . . .

James Seymour

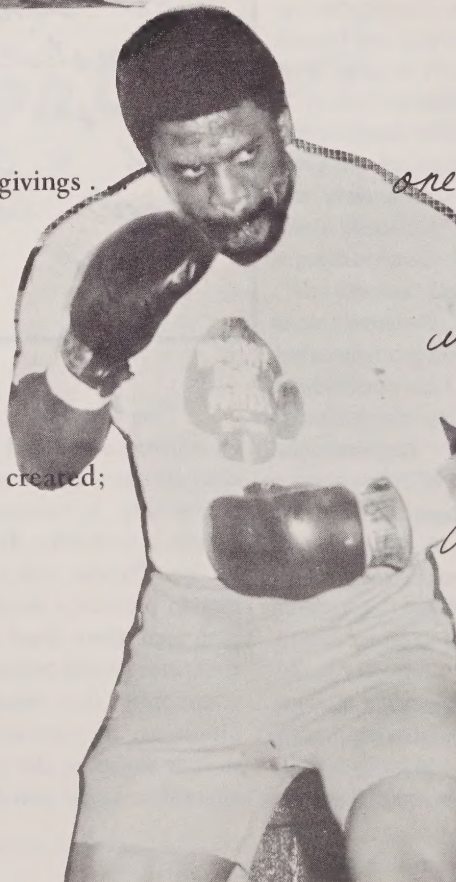
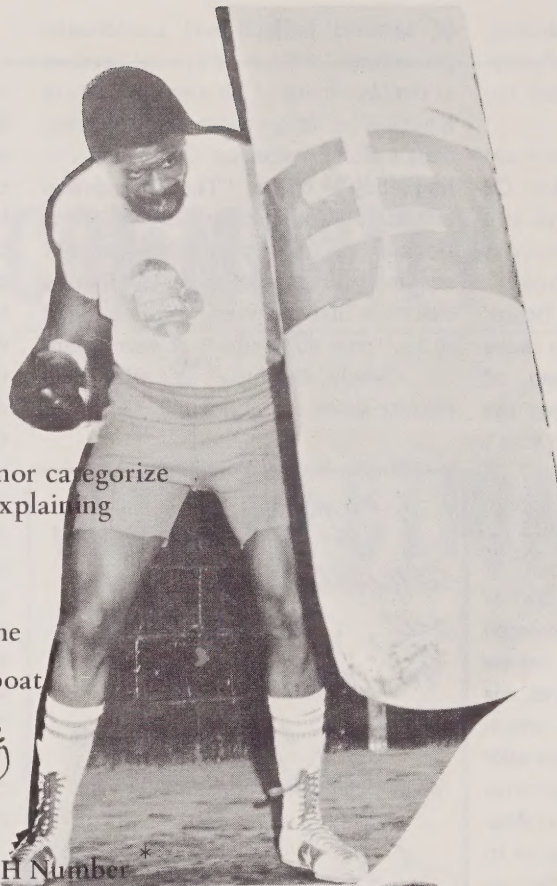
— 1-2-74 —

* S/H Number: Commitment to State Hospital

FROM THE

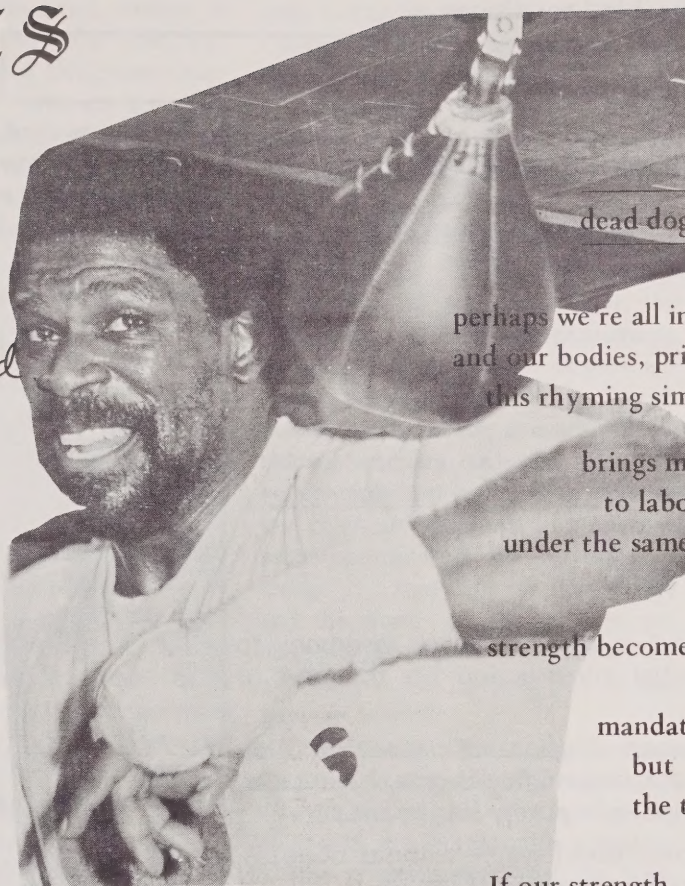
that's Ron Lyle in —
he lived here for
right now he
and part of the
he spent the
training down here
can be #1.

the other part
he digs
he always comes
to see us
to talk
and —
one night he told
"I'm a pa
I'm a refle
when I win,
And I in
represent
when I win
bring it down
and we're
celebra



THE POETS

the background
8 1/2 years.
#5,
reason
last 3 weeks
is so he
is because
us.
is down
to us
encourage us.
us:
t of you...
tion...
e all win.
nd to
you...
t, I'm gonna
here,
all gonna
e!"



dead dogs sleep

perhaps we're all inmates of time —
and our bodies, prisons of freedom,
this rhyming similarity we share

brings me
to labor
under the same helpless feeling of
pain.

strength becomes not
only
mandatory
but
the tool of
survival.

If our strength
our time
our freedom

with hold

and if our trembling
stops.

If

— Marie Bullock



Marie Bullock is from Colorado Springs. She is a student and a friend, and she's deeply concerned with the plight of imprisoned people, particularly women. Because she cares, she wrote a poem; because she cares, we're sharing it.

An attempt to delineate the topographical conditions
of the road
which Paul revered . . . under the sub-title:

THE WORLD and OUR INCARCERATION

FOR HI-WAY ROBBERY!

by uandme

*"Man has erected on this earth
a prison of quarrels from which
he cannot now escape & misery
is his voluntary lot . . ."*

K. Gibran

Hi-Ways Past and Presently Traversed

CYCLES OF EROSION / a map

- Recorded history — as an Eye Witness — gives testimony to the lack of any substantial construction on the part of mankind in general.
- The alterations & consequent illusions of forward motion produced by such & to a corresponding degree, have issued from a technological standpoint — purely subterranean.
- The exceptions to this condition have — without doubt — paved/pave the route for the presence of life on the planet today. That is, the real growth of mankind has been dependent upon mutants, i.e., the individuals.

RIFT ZONES / a survey

- Past & Current Revolutions have been & are based on political foundations.
- These Ever-Nu political structures, though extending roadways, have failed to level the path toward upward mobility.
- Mankind has been unable to 'yellow line' the violence of being: *Civilized Man is yet a destination!*

MONADNOCKS / an expedition

- Engineers — the mutant exceptions — not only exist but have erected for the transmutation of any desiring traveler elevated railways to the Freeway.
- These engineers, these pebbles on the sands of the Sahara, appear & disappear as by-way signs.
- Contact with () can only be made on self-constructed bridges; the material to be found at any stop along the road.



CONSIDERATIONS

First off, one must attempt to recognize that exclusive of titles, e.g., Road Agents, Heavy Equipment Operators, Surveyors, Laborers and even Engineers, all of us are prisoners of the planet and any hope for reaching a worthwhile/beneficial destination shall require and be dependent upon – as always – individual effort. There are few, if any, who do not long for a road to appear which will lead to a better existence, a better way of life for the earth and its inhabitants. There are few, again, whose enthusiasm for this goal corresponds to their thoughts and actions.

At a cursory glance this lack of enthusiasm may be mistaken as indifference. On deeper inspection, however, it appears not to be indifference in the main but a lack of knowledge coincidental with a 'blindness' of its absence. It is obvious that our common knowledge (knowledge that is acquired through our schools of higher learning) has not aided in the acquisition of uncommon knowledge, per se. This ignorance labels us as hi-way robbers in one degree or another and consequently, we shall maintain our status as prisoners until we seek and find a detour toward exoneration. This will require gigantic efforts in that our presumptive attitude – sustained and strengthened by habitual thought patterns – has its own impetus.

History, being literally the story of Man's past acts, and in that all action is preceded by thought, it is a logical inference that history is, in essence, a 'continuity of thought'. Our present trend of thought is our main legacy from our forefathers. And, with regard to the status quo, it is obvious we have neglected to separate that which hinders our path from that which serves to our benefit. Consequently, we are the unconscious victims of the Politics of Control, a situation sustained by a deficiency of individual thought.

Our periodic revolutions and rebellions aimed at Nu-Roads operate under this continuity of thought and

help sustain/maintain the Politics of Control by reinforcing the belief that there is a need for this body.

This superstructure of politics must be understood in its intrinsic nature (not as a 'body of people' but as a 'body of thought') lest the ever expanding system of control eradicate all avenues for individual growth. As an analogy, if we perceive war, the ecological problem, over-population, racial strife, the ineptitude of state and federal bureaucracies, etc., as counterparts of such diseases as cancer, tuberculosis, coronary occlusion, paranoia, hebephrenia and astigmatism, we can see them as manifestations of one cause possessed by one and the same 'body' . . . that is to say that society and the world and the universe are, in reality, inseparable and that we are an intricate but intrinsic part of this immense whole.

To continue the analogy, it is apparent that the energy invested by various groups and organizations in pursuit of a cure (regarding a specific disease) is greatly dissipated, the hope of discovering causative factors obscured by the melee of diversified action. This observation is not intended as a judgement of value regarding these attempts; however, it would seem that the logical approach would be to establish an order of priority and concentrate subsequent efforts accordingly.

The argument can be made, of course, that progress is being made. But at the present rate it is akin to visiting a doctor and obtaining a cure for your cold and temporal relief for your lumbago, only to discover that syphilis and terminal cancer threaten

your survival.

It cannot be overemphasized that we are, in fact, traveling the same road which led our forefathers into the cul-de-sac. As the progeny, our lack of forethought should serve as a sign along the road. Responsibility is not an attitude we may accept or reject. As individuals or as a collective body, we are never exempt from its laws, a condition aptly exemplified by the homily: "Ignorance of the law is no excuse!"

In the final analysis, progress will depend – as always – on individuals. And on the observation that our sanity is based on our relationship with a society whose sanity is highly dubious.

It will also be necessary to see that past attempts to straighten our road(s) have been directed at the superficial aspects of the 'cause'; that the continuity of our thought has not only allowed us to be manipulated but has also distorted the very picture of reality.

The realization of these statements is concurrent with the awesome intersection/interchange that we are – ultimately – solely responsible for all of the litter we deposit on our roadways. It would behoove each of us, with all the strength we can muster, to extricate ourselves from this psychological captivity. Although the elimination of our condition as prisoners is doubtful, we may – through conscious effort – free ourselves from the collective stigma of being Hi-Way Robbers . . . becoming Road Runners of a New Era. Hopefully, our efforts coalescing – in time – into a majority will give birth to a United Body moving ever swiftly on the road of the great liberation!

NOTE:

Cycles of Erosion /

/ A qualitative description of river valleys
/ & regions passing through stages of
/ youth, maturity & old age with respect to
/ the amount of erosion.

Rift Zones /

/ A system of fractures in the earth's crust.

Monadnocks /

/ A hill left as a residual of erosion.

end

I mentioned "extended" in case someone wants to pass off Colorado's existing programs as a real contribution to penal reform. Colorado's community-based corrections programs have been referred to – in comparison to other states' – as "behind, punishment oriented" (adult corrections), and effecting no particular decrease in recidivism. An outline for November 26, 1973, I managed to get hold of described Colorado's community corrections in the following manner: 3. The few community corrections attempts that exist are deficient in specific and crucial areas: a) Too narrow in scope (work-oriented only); b) Too restrictive in policy making – maintain centralized policy control; c) Urban oriented, the few that exist, i.e.,; d) Maintain punishment, subservient philosophy; counter-productive to building self-confidence, self-reliance.

In that same outline, it suggests that the State Legislature 1) Develop and pass Community Corrections legislation, 2) Design legislation that favors community problem-solving as opposed to State incarceration; 3) Design legislation that encompasses the broad-scale life-needs of people – not simply counselling or work-oriented programs.

The difficulty with trying to lay a philosophical foundation for Community Corrections is somewhat akin to the problem of attempting to merge idealism and realism. For, right away, it demands "radically new roles for inmates, staff, and citizens." It also requires "a complicated interplay among judicial and correctional personnel . . . with other parts of the public sector . . . to collaborate in the exploitation of all possibilities for successfully changing repression to reintegration."⁴ Now, that's quite a mouthful, especially when it's going to call for somewhat of an agreement upon social objectives between, say, the Church and the narcotics squad, or perhaps between corrections people and social workers. As long as the legislators are plagued with the inability to legislate concern (or love), concern, therefore, remains a

necessary ingredient that is solely dependent on personal attitude. Another bit of reality reminds us, however, that "The easiest programs to launch are those that do not require radical adjustment of attitudes toward the offender."⁵

Prisons, or any correctional facility, function according to the mental and innovative capacities of those who run them. In other words, administrators paint their institutions the color they want them to be. Modern thought means relatively little to those who have a passionate aversion to any thoughts other than their own. So the effectiveness of community corrections relies on the competency and efficiency of those who will be responsible for them.

Part of the philosophy of community corrections opens an avenue for a more humane approach to corrections. There is – after almost two centuries of inhumanities – a growing concern for humane treatment. Of course, that could be misinterpreted to reflect the attitude of, "Hey, it costs money to punish/destroy people – we'd better find a cheaper way!" The misinterpretation is almost warranted when you note the fact that whenever humane aspects of community corrections are mentioned, there is also reference made (in the same breath) to the economic advantages. The United States Chamber of Commerce publication on *Marshaling Citizen Power to Modernize Corrections* states, for example, that "community-based corrections . . . is a more efficient economic and humane approach to the treatment of the offender . . . Because the community approach is almost always more economical, it enjoys a substantial cost/benefit advantage."

There is nothing complicated to iron out, understand, or devise in terms of humane approaches. The simplest alternative to inhumane treatment is to treat people like human beings.

Philosophically, again, community corrections recognizes the fact that

everyone is part of, and relates to, a particular social environment. That this realization has a great deal to do with the success of community-based corrections is no coincidence. The term itself implies community/offender interaction, and not the re-location of, say, an ultra-Black youth from the city streets to the farmlands and mountains of 'Marlboro Country', where the only thing keeper and kept have in common is their dislike for each other. Reference is made to this point – less emphatically, of course – in Chapter 7 of the reports for the President's Commission on Crime and Delinquency, where it mentions "the need for extensive involvement with the multiple aspects of the community, beginning with the offender and *his world* (italics mine)." It also contends that "if behavior is related to events and circumstances in the offender's milieu, changing his behavior in isolation from that world will not solve the problem. Evidence of behavioral change in the isolation of the total institution is meaningless. It is behavior at home, on the job, and on the streets that matters."

It is felt, by some people, that Blacks operate from a "paranoid position" when it comes to settling socially pertinent issues. Rather, I would call it an "enlightened self-interest position." So often, issue-solving is done in the absence of the minorities, and they so often find themselves stuck with their dissatisfaction and the problem of perhaps trying to "adjust" to a literally foreign "world" or program having little, or no, relevance to them. Hopefully, community corrections programs will solve this dilemma in at least two ways: First, by making the related community available to the offender, and then by snuffing out the existence of the repressive practices of institutional administrators.

If "cultural groups, strengthening the individual's awareness of his group identity and raising questions of discrimination" would be documented as "potential sources of discord,"⁶ then it appears that the "paranoid position" has other occupants.

Concluding, extensive research has been done in the various areas of penal reform. Statisticians have compiled plenty of convincing statistics, philosophies have been developed, and models have been erected — either on paper or on the streets. All that remains is the implementation of the alternatives, which are not really dependent on how economically or philosophically convincing the idea is, but simply on whether or not the right people want them.

The typical consumer of social goods, before buying anything, legitimately wonders, "How much is it going to cost me?" "Any shift," says Barbara Knutson, "from custodial control will save money. [But] . . . any saving of public funds must not be accompanied by loss of public protection." As it is now, it costs about six times more to keep a man in a State institution than it does to parole him, and fourteen times as much as it does to put him on probation. In reference to the Fort Des Moines Residential Corrections program, again, it costs only approximately one-fourth the amount of the State institutions per client served. "Cost was also found to be approximately equal that of the local county jail, which is purely custodial in nature."⁷

Unless quality is the major concern, the mere knowledge of an economic edge should be convincing enough. But, if we're bargaining for high quality merchandise at an estimated low cost, hoping, perhaps, that crime will automatically disappear because we've invested at a savings, then our motives are inconsistent with the other variables — like the individual and group participation that it takes to help make it work.

It is understood that the 'consumer' would want to get his money's worth, i.e., a corrections program that offers a substantial amount of public protection at a substantial monetary savings. And this is just what community-based corrections can offer. By stepping up the use of already existent

facilities and programs, the community could immediately start saving on the estimated current average of between \$15,000 and \$22,000 per bed for institutional building costs. The Baltimore Supreme Bench reported, in 1970, "savings of more than \$500,000 in jail costs as a result of releasing defendants on their personal recognizance . . . only 6 out of 868 persons so released failed to appear for trial . . ."⁸

Some of the programs will, in fact, make a profit when the offender becomes financially self-supporting and boosts the flow of overall capital growth. Taxpayers are social assets — they mean a steady income for the community, the state and the nation. Community corrections programs can therefore mean a termination of the drain on community funds by allowing an offender to take advantage of the opportunity to be self- and community-supporting. Instead of being a strain on welfare programs, an individual may raise the level of monetary input for the community. Very simply, the economics and ethics of community-based corrections are invulnerable.

While the emphasis is still on money — the making and saving of it — we can't overlook the fact that some of society's laws are not only in direct conflict with the "peace and dignity of the people," but are also inconsistent with the economic interests of the public. "They" may incarcerate a man for 'nonsupport' — that's not only pointless and inconsistent, but it's also completely contrary to capitalistic theory. Or, how consistent, for example, is the arrest, trial, and storage of an offender possessing one 'joint' of weed (marijuana) for 30 years in a State institution with the economic interests of the people? If Brother Lee Otis were to kill his number (do the whole 30 years), it would mean between \$100,000 and \$200,000 in expenditures for the State of Texas, just at the prison level of the penal system — not to mention all the other offenders whose only social deviation was to go from alcohol to 'smoke', or to fail to bring home the bacon.

Initially, the purpose of this article was to help sell the community corrections idea to the people who are in the market for an alternative that works. Actually, though, I don't consider myself a salesman; I'd much rather think that I was just running it down — like it is. (Of course, I'm biased!) The success of community-based corrections does not depend on my salesmanship, but I think I've presented enough evidence, the prisons present enough evidence — there's evidence all over the place — to sell the idea and to support the contention that there is an urgent need for working alternatives. Success (in terms of implementation) is merely dependent upon the decisions of the few people who will debate over and hash out the question of whether or not the community wants community-based corrections.

Somewhere along the line, someone will be left holding the 'buck' . . . and that's where the success of community corrections lies, wherever the 'buck' lands after it's been passed around for a while. Then it all becomes relative to how serious that someone is about the whole thing.

And then, after we have shed our hangups, after we become serious, the best part about community corrections is that it works.

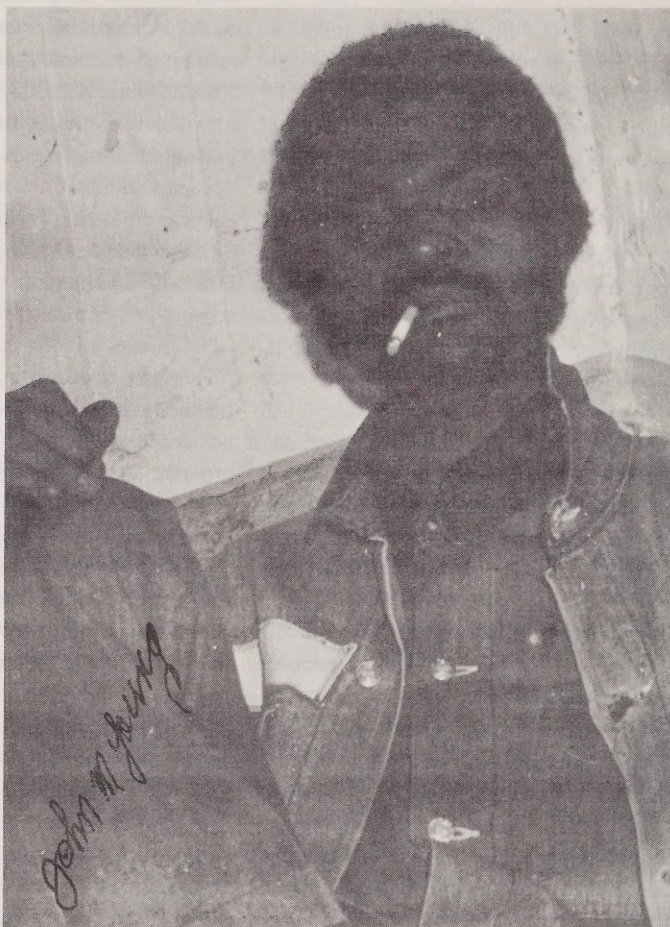
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GUEST IN THE GAS HOUSE

John Young spent 6 1/2 years on Colorado's death row.

*He runs it all down in his book.
This is part of it.*



One would have to be a writer to actually give the full details of what happens in prison. I am not a writer, and I doubt very much if I could be a writer. Now, what I will try to do here is relate — to whomever it may concern — what life was like on Death Row, and what life is like in prison.

On September 10, 1965, I was arrested and charged with first-degree murder. Later, I was convicted. The verdict was death, which wasn't a surprise to me.

Three of us were charged with first-degree murder, and what made matters worse, the victim was white, and the District Attorney used every unlawful and racist trick in the book to get a conviction. His star witness was charged with 'first-degree' — until trial time. He related his hearsy to the court in return for exemption from prosecution. I (the so-called "bad dude" of the three) got the death verdict, and the other guy got life. He was supposed to be the leader.

July 5, 1966, I entered the gates of the Colorado State Penitentiary, scared sick, and very confused. I was twenty-seven. I was taken to a grey, dingy-looking building

with Reception Center written over a steel door. The guard pushed a button, and seconds later the door opened. We stepped inside, and the door slammed shut, leaving a terrifying sound that rang in my ears for at least fifteen seconds. By the time my head cleared, another door with steel bars was sliding open. When it opened all the way, the guard motioned for me to step on in as he followed. There I was, surrounded by pure steel, and everybody looking at me like "where did he come from?" — skinny as I was. I probably scared everybody damn near to death.

The guard directed me to a desk where another guard was standing. I walked over to the desk and stood.

"Have a seat, Mr. Young. Let's see, now, you fell from the 'Springs', right?"

Not knowing what he meant by "fell", I said, "No, I was convicted in the 'Springs'."

"That's what I meant," he said.

The guard kept staring at me, which made me more nervous than I was and added to the sickness inside of me. His face reflected hate and sadism, but I later learned that you can't always judge a book by its cover. As it turned out, he was surprisingly nice. He asked a few questions like what year was I born, my weight, height, and home state. After that, he gave me a bar of soap, which smelled terrible, a towel, and some clothes — too large, but the smallest the penitentiary had to offer. The guard gave me a medium-sized piece of string to use for a belt. I gathered myself up as much as I could, sat down, and waited for further instructions.

The guard disappeared through one of the many steel doors. Moments later he appeared back on the scene to tell me I could keep the shoes I wore with me, and he would send a pair of state issue over to Cellhouse 3 the following week. The first thing that hit my mind was "Cellhouse 3 must be Death Row."

Then a guard came to get me; the guard who processed me gave me a pack of Old Gold filter cigarettes, wished me luck, and I was on my way to the death house.

Cellhouse 3, located about a hundred yards from the main prison, is a small prison within a prison, where those who are condemned to die, the insane, the scared, the snitches, and the so-called incorrigibles are housed. When I got to Cellhouse 3, there was more steel, as usual, but a little different. This door was made up of fifty windows, eight inches square. The door opened, and I stepped inside.

"Okay, strip down!"

There I was standing in the middle of a cement floor, while the guard went through the clothes I had on. When he finished searching the clothes, he turned to me and said, "All right, spread 'em!" I just stood there, scared as hell. I didn't know what he meant by 'spread 'em'. I was naked; he could see there was nothing on me.

"Didn't you hear me, boy? I said spread 'em!"

I didn't know what to do, so I spread my legs wider than they were, and everything just blew apart.

"What's wrong with you, boy, you trying to be smart with me?"

"Hey, man, what you want me to spread?"

Then matters really got worse.

"Oh, we do have a smart one here. We'll just see how smart you is when you sniff that gas. Now bend over and spread your ass cheeks!"

I did just that, and was glad to get it over with.

"All right, put them clothes back on and follow me."

We journeyed up three flights of stairs to my final destination; there, again, I was standing in front of another steel door. Everything was so quiet and gloomy. The guard pushed a very large key into the keyhole and pulled the door open.

"There you are, Mr. Young," he said sadistically. "You can bed down in cell 2."

I walked about ten feet to cell 2, stepped inside, and the door closed. All of a sudden a door slammed and shook the whole cell block. It scared me so, I couldn't move. But what really amazed me was there were four guys on Death Row besides myself, and when the door slammed, none of them made a sound.

There was cell number one, cell number three, cell number four, and cell number five. I had cell number two. Believe me, Death Row was exactly what they call it: Death Row. Nobody talked to nobody. It was still, and very sad. The nights were extremely long. My first night was nerve-wrecking and pure mental torture.

There was a noise going on in cell one, like someone was fighting. Then I became suspicious and paranoid. I thought the guards were killing the guy in cell one. This really worked on my nerves. I started thinking, "maybe I'm next," but the noise stopped. Everything was quiet. I couldn't hear a thing. "I wonder if he's dead," I asked myself. But I didn't hear any door open or close. "Maybe the guards sneaked in quietly, strangled him and slipped away without making any noise." Then my mind took me on a mad trip. I started imagining how they did cell one in.

"It was probably three guards; two guards held him down, while the third one choked him to death . . . they could easily get away with it, because he is condemned to die, and nobody really cares . . ." Then I heard some moving around in cell one. Some laughing and talking. This blew my mind. "Damn, what's going on in cell one? A few minutes ago it sounded as if someone was being mugged, or strangled to death. Now there is laughing and talking." This continued until they brought the chow cart in, which was about five p.m.

They fed us off of a large steel cart, and the food was cold. They had these little steel trays, which were designed to put all the foods on separately, but they didn't care how they put the food on the tray. You might get your mashed potatoes mixed with whatever that was they called dessert; or your gravy mixed with your salad. I ate bread and drank milk.

At 6 p.m., the guards came back for the trays and the spoons we used to shovel the food. As they were leaving, they slammed the door, again. I was standing at the door to my cell, and it was a perfect view to the door that was continuously being slammed. I saw a guard looking back to see what kind of reaction he would get behind the slamming. To me, it looked as if he was getting a sexual climax behind the slamming.

The guards and the trays disappeared. I sat on the edge of my bunk and tried to figure out what had been going on in cell one before they came with the chow. Then I heard keys rattling. I jumped up and stood at my cell door. There was a guard coming in.

As he entered, he said, "How are you guys doing today?"

Cell one said, "Oh, as well as can be expected."

Then the guard walked toward a cabinet that was sitting on top of a rack with four legs, right across the little aisle in front of my cell. I didn't even notice that it was there until then. The guard opened a small lock, swung the doors open, and to my surprise — a T.V. I couldn't believe this, "A T.V. on Death Row!"

"What channel you guys want?" the guard asked. Cell one said five; the guard looked around to see if everybody agreed. Nobody said anything, so he turned it on, and walked on down the aisle where there was another T.V.; turned it on the same channel and left. I put my hands over my ears to cut the door-slamming noise out, but this guard didn't slam it. Matter of fact, he pulled it closed gently.

We watched T.V. until 10 o'clock. The T.V. went

out, the lights went out — except for a few very dim lights that left an atmosphere of death hanging in the cell block. I stood at the door with a blank mind. It was impossible to concentrate on any one thing. I just stood there at the door with a tight grip around the bars, and all the feeling left my body. For about ten seconds, it was like my body didn't exist. Then the feeling came back, and I could feel the cold steel which I had a hold of. When I realized what had happened, I jerked my hands from the bars, and discovered that I was soaking wet with sweat from my head to my feet. I sat down at the small table and lit a cigarette — just puffing like mad. All of a sudden I heard a scream that almost drove me completely mad. This went on for half an hour. As the screaming went on, I walked up and down my cell, taking three steps toward the back of the cell, and three back to the front. I kept this up until the screaming stopped. I sat down and tried to relax. My nerves were approaching the breaking point. Sitting down didn't help at all. It got worse, so I got up and started walking again which seemed to help a lot. I walked and walked and walked.

Then the guy in cell one started in again, laughing and talking just like there was something fascinating going on in his cell. This really bugged me. I wanted to know what was happening. I started several times to call out to cell one, but decided against it. Whatever he was doing was none of my business. I continued to walk. And listen. Finally, the talking and laughing stopped, and everything was quiet again.

I sat down with a little more comfort this time, lit a cigarette and waited for the sudden noises that had been occurring throughout the night. I sat until my eyelids became heavy and started to lie down, but was afraid to. So I took my pillow, placed it on the small stool behind the table, sat down, folded my arms, and laid my head on them. I went in and out of sleep the rest of the night. I think I fell into a deep sleep about an hour before day-break.

When I woke up, a guard was standing in front of my cell asking me if I wanted to eat. I didn't answer. I just got up and walked to the cell door. He handed me a tray with a bowl of cornflakes, a cup of milk, coffee and something that was supposed to be French toast. I sat down and tried to eat, but couldn't. My appetite wasn't there. I drank the coffee and milk, then flushed the rest down the toilet.

After that, I opened the windows to let some air come in. I noticed that I could see some parts of downtown

Canon; people walking and cars passing by. I thought, "Well, the world is still there – at least, for those who are free." I stood there for a while, then sat back down and tried to put my mind at ease – until I heard keys rattling. I jumped up, thinking: "What now with only 59 days left before being strapped in an iron chair and gassed to death?" Every key-rattle or door-opening sent my nerves into a wild rage, but it occurred to me that the guard was probably coming back for the trays – which he did, and then left.

Things were quiet once more. Then I heard snoring coming from all directions. Everybody was sleeping except me. "So that's what they do, stay up all night and sleep during the day." I listened until I could separate each snore. Cell one had a quiet snore. Cell three was snoring with his mouth open. Cell four was heavy and almost drowned out Cell five. Then it occurred to me that I should try to pinpoint the cell that the screaming had come from last night. I knew it wasn't cell one or three, so it had to be four or five. "Maybe last night's madness will start again," I thought. I sat quietly and listened as the snoring echoed through the cellblock, waiting for an outburst of screaming. I heard something going on in cell three, so I got up and stood at the bars. It sounded like he was washing something, his hands or face, maybe. All of a sudden, I heard my name called.

"John Major Young!"

It caught me by surprise. I looked toward the back of my cell, not knowing whether to answer or not.

"Hey, are you over there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"How are you doing, buddy?"

"Okay, I guess. Who's that speaking?"

"My name is I read about your trial in the papers. Figured you'd be down here, soon. Don't worry about it, I doubt if they'll kill us. The laws are changing. Hey, wanna read the papers?"

"Yes," I said, thinking: Now how am I going to get the paper? Then I saw it sliding to my cell door, right on target.

"When you finish, hand it around to the last bar this way. I can reach it. They'll be in with chow in a few minutes."

By the time I sat down and opened the paper, I heard the rattling of keys. That was chow coming in, and again, they put the food everywhere on the tray except the right place. I took the tray, sat down and waited for the door to slam before starting to eat. The door didn't slam, and I

thought, "Maybe it's just the night crew that gets a nut out of slamming the doors." I finished eating what I wanted and flushed the rest down the toilet.

I immediately got back to the paper to find out what was said about my trial. I found the article, but it was so small that you would never have found it unless you were looking for it.

"John Major Young was convicted of first-degree murder. The verdict was death."

Not that I cared whether there was a big write-up about me, but it did seem as though they didn't want anybody to know they were planning on gassing me. I folded the paper and passed it back to cell three, laid down, and dosed off to sleep.

Not for long, though. When I woke up, I noticed that the trays were gone. The guards had come for them while I was asleep. I asked cell three what time it was. It was ten until one, so I tried to go back to sleep, but my nerves wouldn't let me. I sat at the small table with my elbows propped under my chin and thought about where I was. I started imagining being strapped into the gas chair. My body shook as my mind stuck to the thought. Then I got my head cleared and thought, "It'll never happen. My lawyer said he will take it to the U.S. Supreme Court if the state Supreme Court turned me down. But I'm on Death Row; they wouldn't put a person on Death Row if they weren't going to kill him." Then my imagination really began to run wild. All sorts of things ran through my mind. I started thinking, "They could sneak in here late at night, take me upstairs, gas me and nobody will ever know what happened." I started getting sick, shaking and sweating. I tried to light a cigarette, but my nerves wouldn't let me. I finally stood up, but couldn't move my legs, so I put my trembling hands over my face and held them there as tight as I could until my nerves calmed. I was sure I would go mad before this thing was over.

Walking back and forth in the cell helped my nerves quite a bit, so I started walking again. I could hear movement in cell one, and then he hollered, "How you doing over there, dude?"

"Okay," I said.

"Got anything to read?"

"Naw, man, I ain't got nothin'."

"I got some 'short ice' over here if you want it."

"Yeah, pass it over."

"There you go. Don't hurt yourself, now . . ."

The book slid right in front of my cell. I reached

through the bars and picked it up. It was a copy of *Candy*. I sat down and began to read, but I stopped after about twenty pages. My mind wouldn't get away from where I was at: "This is the end of life. How did it all happen to me?" Again, my mind went wild. I got up and started walking, trying to think, think about anything to keep my mind off the gas chamber. It was impossible.

Slowly, but surely, insanity was trying to move in on me while I held on as best I could. I continued to walk until my nerves calmed down. Lying down was out of the question. So I sat down for the umpteenth time, praying that my imagination wouldn't take me on another wild trip. Then I thought, "This is not imagination, this is reality!" Right away I jumped up and was walking again. This time I went to the window and stared up at the clouds. My eyes would follow a moving cloud until it disappeared; then I would search for another cloud and follow it. Sometimes pieces of clouds would break away and go their own way. It was sort of fascinating to me because the clouds could move through the society of other clouds without disturbance from their neighbors. I wondered how it would be floating up there as a piece of cloud. I imagined myself as a piece of floating cloud. At that moment, I heard a toilet flush. I turned away from the window and started walking again. Then it occurred to me that I had actually taken my mind away from where I was at. So I turned around and went back to the window. But it wasn't the same as the first time.

My mind was tangled up in the atmosphere of death that surrounded me. I folded my arms, gripping myself as tight as I could as cold chills ran through my body. The more I thought of my surroundings, the worse it got. My head began to hurt as my nerves went out of control. All I could do was sit in one spot and grip myself as tight as I could while my body shook and trembled as though death was only seconds away. "One thing for sure," I thought, "I'll either go stone mad or die of fright if things keep going the way they have been." I said out loud to myself, "You've got to pull yourself together and maintain, mentally, the direction of how things are going."

I sat down again and tried to read. It didn't seem to interest me much, so I closed the book, got up and put my pillow against the cold steel wall, sat on the bunk and leaned back, closing my eyes and trying to get away, mentally, from where I was at. But there was no getting away. I just sat there with my mind trained on taking those last steps. I thought about what cell three had said

about the laws changing. I wanted to know more about it.

"Maybe I should call over and ask him about it," I thought. "No, I'd better not. Nobody seems to be willing to talk, so it's best that I leave it like it is. If he wanted me to know, he would have told me. But why wouldn't he tell me? After all, we're in the same boat. I wonder if they all know. Maybe this is why they're all so quiet. Naw, that couldn't be the reason. If they knew the law was changing in their favor, seems to me they would be happy."

Keys, again. I jumped up and stood at the door. A guard was coming in with something in his hand. I couldn't make out what it was until he came all the way in. It was mail. Cell one and cell three got some mail. The guard left without slamming the door. After that, I was convinced that it was the night guards who got a kick out of slamming the door.

I sat back down and thought about the mail cell one and cell three got. "The mail is probably from their relatives," I said to myself. "I wonder if my people will write me? I haven't been home since '57, and I haven't written or called, either. They don't know where I'm at, and I'm not even sure if they live at the same address." This added to the state of depression I was in as I thought about how I had neglected my people, never writing to see how they were. I thought about my brothers and sisters and prayed that nothing like this would ever happen to any of them. Tears ran down my face as I thought about me, being the oldest of my mother's twelve kids, and the example I had set. "Instead of being home helping my people, I'm on Death Row."

"DEATH ROW!" How did I get here? I couldn't remember what was said in the courtroom. The thought of the gas chamber wiped everything else out of my mind. I couldn't keep my mind on a single thing except it. My nerves were tearing me apart as I struggled to keep from screaming out. The most nerve-wrecking thing about it all was when I imagined being strapped in the chair.

Keys! My heart almost burst through my chest. It's chow time, again. The guards are coming through the door with the chow cart, and I can see it's the night crew. The door slammed, they threw the food on the trays — as usual — left, and slammed the door — as usual.

I ate the bread and drank the milk, flushed the rest and sat down and smoked a cigarette. As I thought about the gas chamber, my body began to tremble again as my heart beat got faster and faster. I became sick and vomitted all over myself.

— to be continued —

ANATOMY OF A STRUGGLE

by C.W. Bass

"...in too many cases the tragic result of the whole experience is that what is sometimes mistaken for an ex-prisoner is actually an 'ex-person'..."

Every prisoner in the world rose to face the same reality this morning. How each prisoner will handle that reality is a horse of a different paint job, and depends on where his/her head is at. The head, in turn, and according to its function, will determine which way a prisoner goes today — that is, outside of what the state has planned for him. Some will go about the usual, routine activities, following the strict course they have outlined to help “kill” the time. Those with the time to spare may nourish their favorite fantasy, or supplement their idle moments with “enjoyable diversions.” Others may finish going insane.

The prison experience sprawls across a gaping psychological abyss that swallows men up as though they were being sacrificed to some terrible ‘mind god’ who lived “down there” feeding on human suffering. Those who don’t ‘accidentally’ fall in, plunge headlong into the depths of the consuming vastness, which is stocked with all sorts of mental anguish. This mind-consuming pit reeks with the stench of self-defeat and the putridity of self-

destruction, which makes it vitally important that prisoners stay constantly aware of themselves and the psychological ‘mind grinder’ that awaits them.

I doubt that this was a calculated plot, however. I furthermore question the existence of the twisted genius it would have taken to consciously devise such a method of destroying men’s minds — collectively. To construct such a complicated network of reversed behavioral and thought processes would call for some very intricate psychological insight into human reactions to particular environmental stimuli. I don’t think there has ever been that much attention devoted to any aspect of the prison experience.

And it wouldn’t really matter if there was a person or a system to be directly responsible for the “aftermath” of the experience. The reality is that it’s here; it’s happening, and the only thing prisoners themselves can do is to try to “survive” until the legislation comes. If people came to understand that prisoners insisted on “bugging out” (going insane) in their prisons some 200 years ago, surely they’ll

have to admit — if only under their breath — that prisons are still the same torture chambers they used to be. And if we know it first hand, then we should be about the business of self-preservation.

“Just to exist [in prison] calls for some very heavy psychic adjustment.”¹ The “adjustment” will determine the balance of emotional, intellectual, and yes . . . physical survival. It may mean the difference between living and dying at the hands of one’s self . . . or at the hands of someone else’s self. Because many prisoners fail, or don’t know how, to make the “psychic adjustment”, they make themselves vulnerable to both their conditions, and to themselves.

There is, however, no patented formula for making the “psychic adjustment” — to any form of adversity — unless we throw the grin-and-bear-it blanket of religiosity over the shoulders of the entire world population. But it does involve recognizing some very bitter realities.

The “reality of power”, for instance, is that, 1) it relinquishes nothing, except on demand; 2) it doesn’t

have to be 'fair'; 3) it provides – instead of alternatives – only mandates and consequences. In many cases, it's not the reality itself that intensifies the bitterness, but the attitudinal posture we adopt in relation to that particular reality. And to personally intensify the bitterness of an unpleasant reality is to invite frustration.

Frustration is sometimes difficult to recognize, especially when you're not looking. It's even more difficult to control in an atmosphere that does nothing but feed it. It may either manifest itself in blatant aggression, or in total withdrawal. A frustrated prisoner may spend the entirety of his waking hours plotting his fanatical world take-over, or he may dissolve himself in pharmaceutical diversions, sexual perversions or fantasy excursions. Whatever bag it puts you in, frustration puts limitations on tolerance. And when tolerance is exhausted, our actions/reactions become predictably unpredictable. (In how many situations might a man find himself throwing feces at another man, swallowing spoons, or hanging himself?) When we can no longer handle, or see, the reality of what is, we have nothing on which to build what should/could be. In any case, frustration is only the nucleus, around which is surrounded an armory of misguided missiles that attack the head/self in forms ranging from a sickening self-pity to the most passionate bitterness. And between those two extremes we sometimes allow ourselves to become submerged in various and sundry traps that diminish mental and physical longevity.

It is impossible to make psychic adjustments without adjusting the consciousness level. You just can't make functional adjustments in your sleep. You have to be aware – at least of the need to adjust. And if you are aware of the need, then the personal consciousness level becomes an important issue with yourself.

In terms of mental/psychological survival, consciousness is the tool. But it's not an issue that can be restrained to the precise flow of data in literary

sequence – it's connected and relative to too many variables. Especially since it applies to the innumerable variabilities of human personality. One thing it is peculiar to, however, and that is the fact that the starting point for growth, or deterioration, can be anywhere. Anywhere, that is, that the prisoner himself allows it to start. As a matter of fact, where, and whenever, he starts to grow would never be premature, because the conditions . . . er, uh . . . the realities of imprisonment were made manifest when he donned his first pair of handcuffs.

Prisons do not supply prisoners with 'survival kits', i.e., instructions for maintaining functional awareness levels. They do, however, provide stimulants, i.e., conditions. Nope. Can't get around it, prisons will have to take the weight for the stimulation/elevation (and, unfortunately, suppression) of prisoner consciousness. Prison conditions create the George Jacksons, the Atticas, and the McAlaster "revolutions."

Though we may debate as to the connection between consciousness and riots, a riot/rebellion is generally the outgrowth of a collective frustration, and the apex of prisoner toleration, beyond which few can see; even fewer will venture, and beyond which some never made it. But there is a point at which – according to how he interprets consciousness – a prisoner may decide that, "The time has arrived where so many are ready to put up their very beautiful lives in order to gain a new dawn of freedom and justice . . ." ² Life becomes the issue, then; and people make some very serious commitments and decisions when they see choices as being that limited. There is still one unaltered reality, though: if the objective is to survive, and surviving is living, then dying ain't surviving!

While the conditions under which the prison collective is forced to live are common to all prisoners (given, of course, the relativity of prison conditions to geographic-political progress), the individual level of consciousness is

relative to recognition and perception of what those conditions are. Then, too, "recognition and perception" is relative to states of mind. That is, how one personally interprets the reality of what is. It would seem that the common experience we (prisoners) share should give us not only a common interpreter, but also a common growth impetus. But somewhere between recognition and perception, this common experience either peters out, gets lost in the shuffling of personal priorities, or becomes camouflaged by our individual reactions to, or dismissal of, those conditions.

An all-time favorite of the prisoner collective is to attempt to dismiss its conditions (on the sly), or substitute them with activity. ("You can show a man his situation, but you can't make him see.") ³

Perhaps the human being is so constructed as to have an optional feature which encourages it to get as comfortable as possible in an uncomfortable situation. So we decorate our cages to make ourselves "at home." We absorb ourselves in activity (diversions – preferably enjoyable) which, perhaps, never before crossed our minds . . . anything to help us forget about our conditions (or make them go away). Don't confuse me to imply that we should be hung up in our realities to the point of "malfunction." But we have to stay alert because of the way that the "realities" have of sneaking up on us. A lot of times, before we realize what has happened, we might find ourselves (if we were fortunate enough to dig it) sprawling in the dirt after being hit upside the head by the same condition/reality we'd forgotten about.

Survival is common verbiage in prison. Especially as the outgrowth of apprehension for the "elements" . . . the life/death contingencies of the prison environment. So we survive the "elements", and we manage to come out alive. Cool. But in too many cases the tragic result of the whole experience is that what is sometimes mis-

taken for an ex-prisoner is actually an 'ex-person' — who, disguised as a healthy human being, is able to fool even himself at a single glance.

An 'ex-person' didn't survive the subtle contingencies of the prison experience. He — as is often said of the weak — "fell by the wayside." While falling, he gradually dissociated himself from certain realities that keep him in touch with himself. While he was laughin' and grinnin', he managed to allow the prison experience to rob him of the things that made him who he was. The difference, for example, between a person and an ex-person may be the extent to which his ability to function in a normal, human capacity has been affected. The 'ex-person' may discover that loving and feeling, relating to people, or "behaving" in a social setting comes with strain or discomfort — if even then — because his emotions have been tampered with. Only he didn't know they were faulty until he needed them to function. And they failed. Ramsey Clark's not even a prisoner, and even he knows that "It would be difficult to devise a better method of draining the last drop of compassion from a human being than confinement in most prisons as they exist today."

Staying alert is important because of the fact that a prisoner has help in dissociating himself from himself, and from reality. The vast assortment of environmental stimuli makes it easy for a prisoner to fall prey to the negativism which hangs like a thick fog over the prison scene.

Although prisons do come equipped with varying degrees of tensions, fears, and paranoia, much of it is self-emanating. More clearly, we sometimes create, and function out of, our own paranoia. The danger in this is that we ruin our capacity to distinguish between the "who's" and "what's" of what's really happening, and we may often drive ourselves over the edge of reason to act out (become the aggressor) those fears. In other words, "that 'dude' wasn't selling you no 'mug' (staring aggressively), he might

have been tripping on all those years he has to spend in that cage." A lot of people get hurt because of someone else's paranoia.

Another thing. Part of those fears is associated with the fear of 'the man'. That fear sometimes immobilizes the prisoner with the 'keeper-kept' hangup. What every prisoner should realize is that the 'keeper' is just as afraid as the 'kept' — if not more. As a matter of fact, he functions out of fear. He can't help it. Because when you give a man a job in which his only task is to maintain control (no thinking allowed), his total working hours are spent in a mounting fear of not being able to maintain control. So he does whatever he thinks is necessary to stay on top of the situation, which sometimes makes him aggressive, provocative, and abusive. When the 'keeper' stops being afraid of the 'kept', it will effect a rise in social consciousness. And when the 'kept' stop being afraid of the 'keeper', no telling what might happen.

Confinement, period, negates the concept of humanity. And since it does chew on all aspects of humanity, it is best, perhaps, to acquaint ourselves with the psychic damage that flourishes there. Solitary confinement, especially, offers a picture of what can, and does, happen to the head. It unleashes a herd of psychological carnivora which immediately go about the business of wearing out and tearing up the head.

My personal experience with solitary confinement gave me a ring-side view of the psychological struggle that is engaged there. To be able to be there and look objectively at what is happening, and watch it happen to you, is a peculiar situation. Had I ever watched myself dying, I would say it's much like watching yourself die. Objectively. After you have watched yourself die, you have to say, "Hey! That's me; I can't let it go down like that!" Then you have to watch yourself grow. Very complicated thing to watch; for one has to watch himself block the psychological knife-thrusts, or dodge the men-

tal hooks and jabs . . . and no fair getting exhausted after a day-long bout with self-pity, anger, frustration, hostility — the whole gang. When it's over, though, you know you've won.

There is a point at which negative emotions reach a peak. And when there is no receptacle, no outlet; nothing on which to vent these frustrations, they take the only route that is left — inside. Once inside, they begin the tedious gnawing and pecking at everything that makes you human. There are only two ways for you to come out: dead (physically or mentally) or alive (both physically and mentally).

Man sees himself, evaluates his worth, and measures his own growth through images reflected back at him from the rest of mankind. And once a prisoner is completely removed from his "mirrors", and from even the temporary diversions of prison existence, he may lose sight on himself and become vulnerable to self-attack . . . or receptive to self-approach.

Little mention — if any — is made of this "struggle", perhaps because little is actually recorded in terms of "who made it, and who didn't." In fact, those who didn't succeed in doing something fatally funky to themselves, and allowed some degree of damage to be evidenced in their behavior where 'the man' could see it, are quietly slipped off to the State's psyche warehouses. But everyone who didn't make it (survive the whole prison experience) ain't necessarily registered in the logs of hospital wards. And they don't have to be buried, either. We talk to some of them every day, see 'em on the streets; go through changes with them. In fact, if we don't consciously protect ourselves and keep our heads together, "them" could very easily be "me".

That's all.

¹ George Jackson, *Blood In My Eye*

² Jaan Laaman, letter to: *Brothers of Attica* P.D.I. — Vol. 3, No. 4

³ Old Adage (revised)

In a recent case in New York, a man was sentenced to an indeterminate sentence. Part of the sentence required that he be furnished with medical and mental treatment. When the state failed to provide the needed treatment, the Court resented the man to a "regular" term (*People v. Hutchings*, 343 N.Y.S. 2d 845, 9 CLB 722). This ruling plainly illustrates the problem: If the state does not provide rehabilitative programs, it does not have the right to hold an individual indefinitely.

ADMINISTRATIVE PROCEDURES & REMEDIES

Given the "green light" by the legislature to implement more rehabilitative programs, the administration immediately requested more money, not for such rehabilitative programs, but for more officers. "But why would they need more officers?" you ask. Well, maybe because now the Warden has more control over you. He now has anywhere from five to ten years in which to hold you in check, and the resulting influx of humanity will require more guards, more towers and more "mini-joints" such as Camp George West.

You will also note that a primary concern, now, is moving men from the walls to Medium Security. This plan has a serious drawback: "What do you accomplish by moving one mass from one spot to another?" Clearly, this does not solve the problem. It just moves the problem from one place to another. Housing is not a major concern. Rehabilitation is.

It would be interesting to see how much money was requested in the current budget for implementing social, mental and vocational rehabilitation programs.

Another problem deserving of comment is the total lack of due process in the governing and administration of the prison rules. Taking their cue from people in high office in Wash-

ington, the so-called disciplinary board has developed similar techniques. For instance, you are informed in the manual provided every inmate of the rules and regulations you are required to obey. You are also informed of your rights if you are accused of violating any of the rules.

But here's the catch! If you prove your innocence to the charge, they then invoke the "direct order" which is a lesser included offence to the violation of any rule. Or consider the limitation of the number of witnesses you may call on your behalf. The rules state that this is to protect them from having someone corroborate your side of the incident. Now, everyone knows that if three people see you commit a crime, the prosecutor will call all three people at your trial, not just one! By limiting the witnesses to one, it makes it your word against the officer who wrote you up.

Of course, all procedures are reviewable by the warden, but it seems that the present man in that position has been dubbed "The Phantom" since one would have to devise a new 'Writ of Hocus Pocus' or 'Hebee Jeebees' to see him. He has thoughtfully remained entrenched in the Administration Building. I guess if you don't listen to problems, you don't have any.

LET THE GOOD TIME ROLL!

C.R.S. 1963, 105-4-7(3), (1967 Per. Supp.), provides that for meritorious service, the Warden may give up to 5 additional days per month good time. As of this writing, the only persons I know of who have received this time are the snitches who receive "midnight paroles" or "daylight rolls." Let me explain: It's common knowledge that the former Warden instituted the "you scratch my back" policy in this joint. By "scratching" you would receive all of the good time under C.R.S.

105-4-7(3) and make an immediate midnight parole. Or, if you were unlucky enough to be caught in the act of "scratching", then you still got the

good time and the parole, only this was a "daylight roll". (Note: a daylight roll is when you get rolled out the West Gate to "Boot Hill!")

But what about all of the men who do not desire a "midnight parole" or a "daylight roll?" What do we have to do to receive this time off? Since the policy of this joint is, to say the least, undesirable to most of us, what alternative is there? And how do we get the Warden to implement an alternative?

There are 3 possible avenues:

- 1 How about a 5 point must system where you receive one day for each point in your overall average in your progress report? It would work something like this: a) quality-3 b) quantity-3 c) cooperation-3 d) dependability-3 e) attitude-3. Total divided by 5 = 3; overall average 3, total good time for that month, 3 days. Since 1 is the top grade, a total of 5 divided by five would give a man the full five days.
- 2 Let the legislature define the criteria, since they passed the law in the first place. It would definitely help if "meritorious" was given a definition as to its applicability to the statute.
- 3 Lastly, simply "sock it to us, Warden!" I mean, like, "C'mon baby, let the 'good time' roll!"

OTHER GOODIES FOR THOUGHT

Maybe the members of the R.B.A. ought to seriously consider filing an action against the federal government for "alleged" discriminatory practices and violations of the anti-trust laws, to wit: Allowing inmates of federal prisons to purchase cigarettes and other items "tax free", but forcing inmates of state institutions to pay taxes. Isn't that taxation without representation?

By the way, the R.B.A. is an abbreviation for the "Rockbusters Bar Association."

end

JUSTICE...or JUST US?

by EARL THOMPSON

*"There are two types of justice in America.
If you have money,
you get justice;
if not, then, just us.
So, if money is the root of all evil,
please pass the roots!"*



In the nineteenth century, several trends developed to change the thrust of penal thought from retribution to rehabilitation. One factor was the rising incidence of crime; another was the rate of recidivism. Social theorists came to believe that inmates could be reformed by the implementation of a prison regimen which drew on an existing body of scientific knowledge for its methodology. (see *Buffalo Law Review*, Vol. 21, No. 3, for a full discussion of the development of the indeterminate sentence.)

The concept of the indeterminate sentence was motivated by a penological desire to rehabilitate rather than punish the individual. Further, there exists a considerable body of opinion to the effect that the primary goal of a prison system should be to rehabilitate. This position has the support of both the American Law Institute and the American Correctional Association. Yet, despite a clearcut academic consensus, no court has ever gone so far as to hold that the sole purpose for incarceration under an indeterminate sentence is rehabilitation. However, several courts have cited the lack of

a meaningful rehabilitation program as a factor contributing to a decision of unconstitutionality. *Sostre v. McGinnis*, 442 F. 2d. 178, 190-91; *Jackson v. Bishop*, 404 F. 2d. 571, 580; *Holt v. Sarver*, 309 F. Supp. 362. See also, "Criminal Rehabilitation Should Be Our Top Priority" by Lee H. Hamilton, 7 CLB 225 (1971).

The Colorado legislature recently passed into law a measure providing for indeterminate sentences for Class 4 (10 year maximum) and Class 5 (5 year maximum) felonies. *Senate Bill 8, Ch. 145, Colo. Sess. Laws, 1973*. From this legislative bill, one would assume that the intent of the legislature in this case was to provide more emphasis on rehabilitation. Further, if this assumption of intent is accurate, one could infer that all offenders serving time for Class 4 or 5 felonies should enjoy the benefits of an indeterminate sentence. Nothing in the law states that it could not apply retroactively. Such has not been the case.

The vehicle that would normally have been used to apply this new law, C.R.S. 1963, 40-1-510(f) has been declared unconstitutional because it infringes upon the rights of the executive branch of government. The opinion of the Supreme Court clearly states the rights of the Governor as being more important than the rights of the individual. How the Court arrived at this opinion is a matter of conjecture; however, it does seem odd when you consider that both the United States Constitution and the Colorado Constitution were basically designed to protect the rights of the individual.

I think it is important to note, also, that despite legislative intent, no funds were provided to implement rehabilitation programs. This oversight, if it can be called that, rendered the effect of their legislation nil. Without adequate programs, indeterminate sentencing makes no sense. It becomes just another, particularly painful form of punishment.

and the Maryland Correctional System; UWW/Roger Williams College and the Rhode Island Correctional System; UWW/University of Minnesota and the Federal Correctional Facility at Sandstone.

UWW/LHC/TC/CP began officially on July 26, 1973, when notices were posted throughout the institutions of the Department of Corrections announcing that applications were being accepted for participants in the Corrections Project. Screening of applicants began in mid-August. After the selection committee made its decisions things got moving fairly quickly. By September 10th a number of Interns and Alternate Interns were moved to Camp George West to begin the Pre-Service portion of the Project.

The entire Corrections Project is composed of two teams — a community-based Denver group and a Canon City-based team, with five interns and five alternate interns on each team. Each team has a team leader and there is also a Project Coordinator overseeing the activities of both teams and their operations.

Kenny Twyford, Dennis Pack, Ernie Colosacco, Lafayette Locke and Victor Medina were moved to Camp George West on September 10. We all felt at the time that people from both teams should be exposed to one another while exploring the scope and implications of the Project and assessing the resources of the state-wide community.

Pre-Service began in earnest the following day with the arrival of Project Coordinator Dr. Roger Lauen. His arrival marked the beginning of 26 days of brain-storming sessions. While at Pre-Service, interns and alternate interns from both teams had an opportunity to meet with professional educators and community organizers from all over the state. Ted Hallenbeck, who is the national coordinator of UECU's UWW/TC/CP, was there for a time, as was State Representative Morgan

Smith; Mike Bender, former Public Defender; Ted Rubin, formerly of the Denver Juvenile Court; Janet Coleman, Project Coordinator of the Minnesota Project; Ward Thayer of Lookout Mountain School for Boys; Elinor Greenberg, Director of the University Without Walls and other Special Programs at Loretto Heights College; Robert Trujillo, Colorado Chief of Corrections; and many, many other people from throughout the state. We also explored our own individual interests in terms of complementing the overall objectives of the Corrections Project and our individual learning plans.

On September 18th, Ronnell Lee and Mary Ann Aragon were moved to Mountview School for Girls and began to participate in the daily sessions. Shortly thereafter, Mark Musser and Alonzo Sinuhe Britton came to the Pre-Service sessions and remained until the end.

On October 4th, Ray Barker and Frank Driscoll were brought to Camp George West to participate in the day's activities. This day the group met with the planning committee of the Corrections Project. The only intern or alternate intern unable to participate in Pre-Service portions of the Project was Danny Lujan who could not attend because of his work at the Colorado State Reformatory.

Pre-Service ended October 5th when Russ Porter, Alex Marin and Hal Walker — all of the Denver team — and Ken Twyford and Victor Medina presented testimony before the Joint Legislative Committee on Criminal Justice. After this testimony, which was presented from the point of view of consumers of correctional services, Drs. Roger Lauen and Elinor Greenberg added to the testimony by presenting something of what the Corrections Project and the University Without Walls are about.

On October 8th, we residents of CSP were back in the penitentiary attempting to develop our learning plans within the reality of available community resources. The greatest diffi-

culty seems to have arisen from the problem of writing learning contracts. This was at least partly due to the unfamiliarity of the concept. In any case, this seems to have been resolved and the team is now well into individual learning plans and acting as learning facilitators to others in the institutional setting.

While it is too early to assess the implications of the Teacher Corps/Corrections Project, one positive spin-off has been the creation of the Camp George West Learning Center by Alonzo Sinuhe Britton and Mark Musser. Obviously, the prison administration approved and encouraged this project. Specifically responsible were Acting Warden Gordon Heggie, Associate Warden John Griffin, Education Director Jack Ludlow and Lieutenant Bennett of Camp George West. The Learning Center's objective is the diagnosis of inmates' needs for learning vocational or academic skills. Hopefully, student-teachers and professional educators will come to the Center to assist in the successful reintegration of offenders through education.

The Learning Center is just beginning and it is hoped it will serve as an incentive for those men at Camp George West and at the prison's two male offender complexes to seek educational advancement and personal growth.

The other interns and alternate interns in the Corrections Project have chosen interests and directions so diverse that to list them all would be too elaborate for assessment.

One thing, however, remains certain: Our efforts — though appearing small at this early stage — are sure to promote opportunity and change in the Colorado State Penitentiary, particularly now in the present climate of transition. We participants in the University Without Walls/Loretto Heights College Teacher Corps Corrections Project hope to provide some tangibles that will benefit the population in lasting and effective ways. end

deep
 in the undergrowth
 of external realities
 lives a growing defiance
 for consequence

 where truth is the
 ultimate master
 obedience to which
 time & eventuality
 owe

 where
 the only sacrifice
 is of one's self
 to a material that is
 man-made (deceit)
 if
 the commitment is not
 actualized

 and where the sensitive
 conscience
 is eased

md/bass

'wood craft 101

one man walking
 talking to the people
 talking to himself
 about a

VISION

about a

TRUTH

about a

REALITY

all in upper-case
 because no one listens
 unless he shouts:

It is a sign, my brothers,
 paid for & authorized by
 the dues of long-dead niggers
 toiling in the fields
 &
 licking the white man's boots!

It is time, my brothers,
 to gather up the pride
 of our ancestors, to don
 the fierce & awesome robes
 of the Zulu & Bantu, to take
 up weapons & seek out the
 Shaman!

It is time, my brothers,
 to throw off the sticky web
 of oppression & repression,
 to cut the heart from
 the fresh-killed but icy carcass
 of the fallen God!

It is time . . .

. . . & one man walking
 talking to the people
 talking to himself
 about a

vision/truth/reality

that only he
 can see . . .

/jln

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